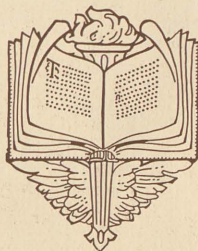


LEGENDA

PUBLISHED BY THE
CLASS OF 1922
ARTHUR HILL HIGH SCHOOL



HARRY HAWKINS	-	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
ROY SPIEKERMAN	-	<i>Business Manager</i>
VINCENT MALLOCH	-	<i>Advertising Manager</i>

Advisors

Miss Dona Boyle	Miss VanNess	Miss Miller
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JUNE, NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO
SAGINAW, WEST SIDE, MICHIGAN



Mr. Harold W. Steele

Superintendent of West Side Schools



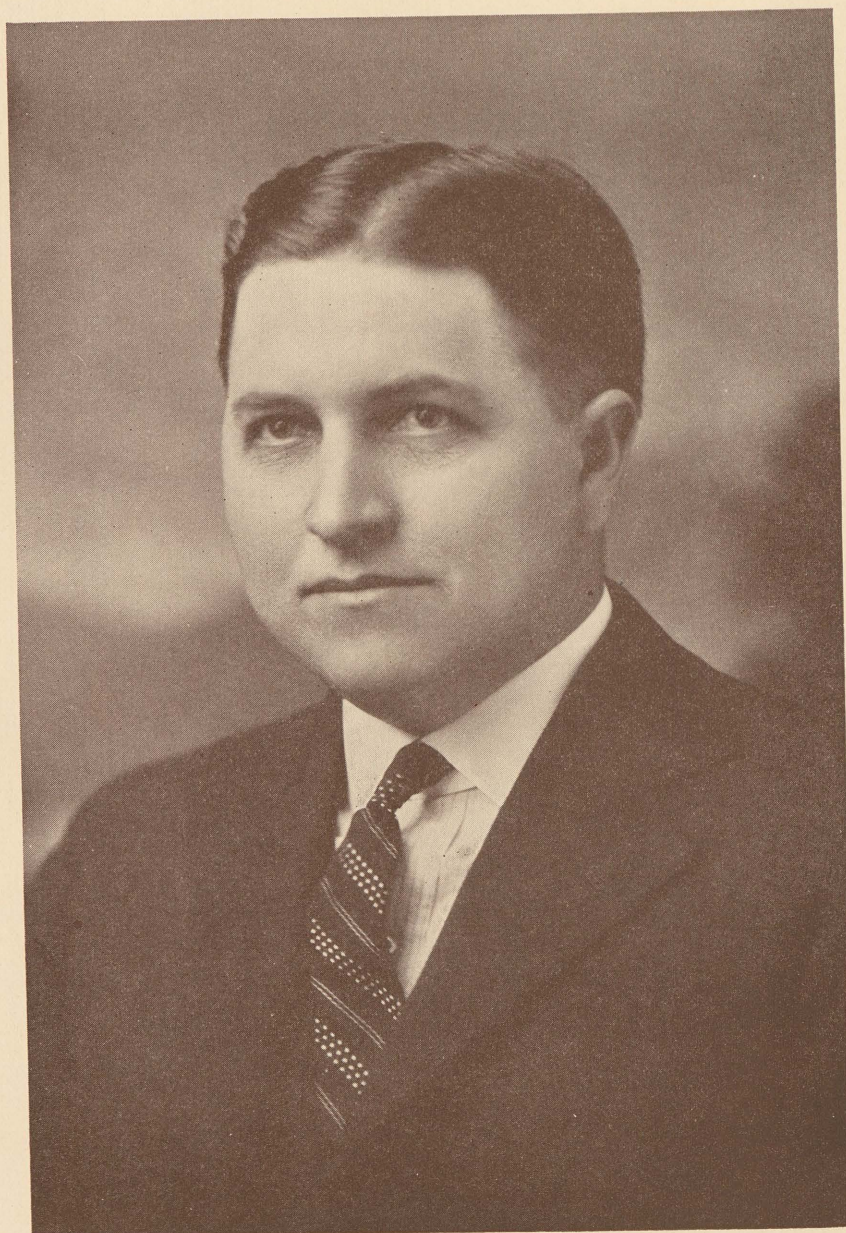
MISS LILLIAN B. MORGAN

Dedication

With a feeling of highest respect and
gratitude, the class of '22 dedi=
cates this **Legenda** to

Miss Lillian B. Morgan

in appreciation of her
many and faithful years of service
in the interests of the students
of A. H. H. S.



MR. HAGGARD

FOREWORD

THE Class of 1922 presents this Legenda, an all too short record of their four years in Arthur Hill High School, with the hope that it will recall to the reader many happy experiences of his high school life.

In form, this book will be found somewhat altered from previous issues, but we trust that the reader will agree with us that the result is worthy of the class.

We wish to thank the members of the faculty who have given their time to make this book a success.



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Dramatic Editor

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Typist

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MISS ALICE BOYLE	Secretary
MISS DONA BOYLE	English
MISS BOLEN	Latin
MISS BROWN	Spanish
MR. BOARDMAN	Science
MR. BASSETT	Physical Director
MISS CLARKE	English
MISS CORLISS	General Science
MR. DERSCH	Chemistry
MR. DE HAVEN	Commercial
MISS DILLON	English
MISS HEWITT	English
MR. IWIG	Commercial
MISS JENNINGS	Biology
MISS KEATING	French
MISS KILBOURNE	English
MISS LESH	English—Algebra
MISS MacJILTON	Domestic Art
MR. MERKLING	Commercial
MISS MILLER	Art
MR. NEEDLES	Commercial
MISS ORRELL	Physical Education
MISS PILCHER	Mathematics
MISS RUPP	Commercial
MISS SICKELS	Music
MISS SKINNER	Latin—Mathematics
MISS SMITH	English
MR. STRYKER	History
MISS THOMAS	Domestic Science
MISS VANDERHOOF	Mathematics
MISS VAN NESS	Mathematics
MISS WOODMAN	English



MISS ABELE

MISS DONA BOYLE

MR. ALLEN
MISS ALICE BOYLE
MR. BOARDMAN

MR. BASSETT
MISS BOLEN

STANBACOTT
MUSEUM



MISS BROWN
MR. DE HAVEN

MISS CORLISS
MR. DERSCH

MISS CLARKE
MISS DILLON

PRESENTED TO SAGINAW
HISTORICAL MUSEUM

By_____

Date_____



MISS HEWITT
MISS KILBOURNE

MISS JENNINGS
MISS KEATING

MR. IWIG
MISS LESH



MISS MacJILTON
MR. NEEDLES

MISS MILLER
MISS MORGAN

MR. MERKLING
MISS ORRELL



MISS PILCHER
MISS SKINNER

MISS RUPP
MISS SICKLES

MR. RAMSAY
MISS SMITH



MR. STRYKER
MISS WELLS

MISS VANDERHOOF
MISS VAN NESS

MISS THOMAS
MISS WOODMAN



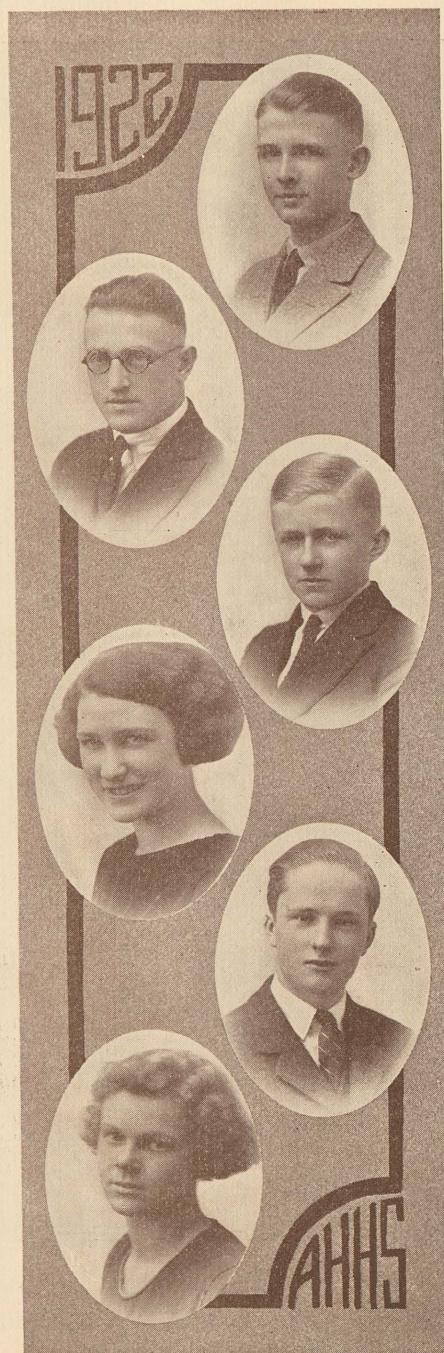
CLASS OFFICERS

CHARLES GRUBE, President

EDITH RHINEVAULT, Secretary

ROY SPIEKERMAN, Vice-President

RAYMOND SCHEIB, Treasurer



1922
 GEORGE ALDERTON
 Debating Team '22
 Junior Play
 Hi-Y Club (Treasurer)

REYNOLD ANSCHUTZ
 Legenda Staff

EARL AVERY
 French Club

ALLASEBA BECKER
 Mathematical Club
 Classical Club
 Girls' Club

RUSSEL BINGHAM "Bing"

GENEVIEVE BRANDT "Gene"
 Mathematical Club
 Alice Freeman Palmer Club
 (Treasurer, Vice President)
 Girls' Club

RUSSELL BRANDT "Bill Hart"

GRACE CARMICHAEL "Ted"
Orchestra
Basketball Team
Girls' Club

HELEN CARR
Basketball '20, '21, '22 (Captain)
Girls' Club (Vice President)
Athletic Association
(Secretary-Treasurer)

EDITH CHRISTIE "Eddie"
Alice Freeman Palmer Club
Girls' Club

LOUIS E. COASH "Clown"
Student House of Representatives
(Officer—Sergeant-at-Arms)
Football '20, '21.
Senior Play.

VERA MANILLA COX
Girls' Club
Spanish Club





Jan 1925

CATHERINE CHAMBERLIN
Girls' Club

HAROLD DALL "Duke"

SADIE DOERFNER "Sue"
Girls' Glee Club
Boys' Glee Club (Accompanist)
Senior Play

EMMA DUCLOS "Em"
Girls' Club
Orchestra
Criterion Staff

EMELYN EWING "Spunk"
Girls' Club
French Club
Senior Play

CHARLES C. FREDERICK "Lefty"
Basketball '22
Student House of Representatives
French Club

JOSEPH A. FRISKE "Bubble"
 Football '19, '20, '21
 Basketball '21, '22
 Criterion Staff
 Senior Play

ROBLEY GEORGE

ADA GILES
Kenneth & later June 1925
 Girls' Club (Secretary)
 Criterion Staff

ESTHER J. GRAEBNER
Class 1925 June
 Girls' Club

LUCILE GROBE "La Silly"
Baird's
 Girls' Club

CHARLES GRUBE "Bunny"
 Class President '19, '21, '22
 Football '18, '19, '20, '22 (Capt.)
 Basketball '20, '21, '22 (Capt.)
 Senior Play





Alceda Fink, June 1927.

RICHARD GUGEL "Dick"

PAUL HACKETT "Chris"
Football '20, '21
Basketball '21, '22
Letter Club

ROBERT HAINES "Bobby"
Student House of Representatives
Spanish Club (Treasurer)

MARY HAMMOND "Dutch"
Girls' Club
Girls' Glee Club

PEARL HANSEN
Spanish Club (President)
Girls' Club

WINIFRED HARROD "Winnie"
Girls' Club
Mathematical Club

HARRY HAWKINS "Jumbo"
 Football '20, '21
 Student House of Representatives
 (Speaker)
 Letter Club (President)

LOIS HEPINSTALL "Bobby" *April 1926*
 Girls' Club

Wm. Deupler, June 1925
 MARGARET HUFF, "Peg"
 Girls' Club

Jan 1925
 DAISY HOLLIES
 Alice Freeman Palmer Club
 Spanish Club
 Spanish Play '21

Class 1925
 ELEANOR JOHNSON "Jack" *Miss*
 Girls' Club President '22
 Senior Play

ISLA JONES "Casey"
 Girls' Club





DORIS JOST
Junior Play
Girls' Club
Girls' Glee Club '20

MARGARET KANZLER "Tooti"
Girls' Club
Junior Play

MARIE KENNEDY
Spanish Club
Mathematical Club
Girls' Club

MILDRED KILBURN "Mid"
Spanish Club
Girls' Club

ELVA KOERBER "Susie"
Girls' Club

IRMA KAROW "Peg"
Girls' Club

FRANCES LAUER "Fran"
Alice Freeman Palmer Club
Girls' Club

WALTER LAUER "Walt"

MYRTLE M. LINCOLN "Sis" *class 1925*
Girls' Club *June*
Alice Freeman Palmer Club
married Wm. Fred Dill
Apr. 10, 1954

DONALD MAC LANDRESS "Mac"
Hi-Y Club
Boys' Glee Club
Senior Play

FRANCES McLELLAN "Puss"
Alice Freeman Palmer Club
Girls' Club

IRMA McLELLAN "Irm"
Girls' Club





LORETTA MARY MAJOR "Retta"
Girls' Club
French Club

Minor F. 1926
"Mall."

VINCENT MALLOCH "Vink"
Boys' Glee Club '20

diel.

RALPH J. MANNION "Caesar"
Hi-Y Club

Palmer 1927

ISABEL MAYNARD "Izzy"
Classical Club
Girls' Club

MERLE METZLER "Professor"

HELEN MOORE
Alice Freeman Palmer Club (Sec.)
Girls' Club

EDWIN A. MYERS "John"
 Hi-Y Club
 Boys' Glee Club
 Student House of Representatives

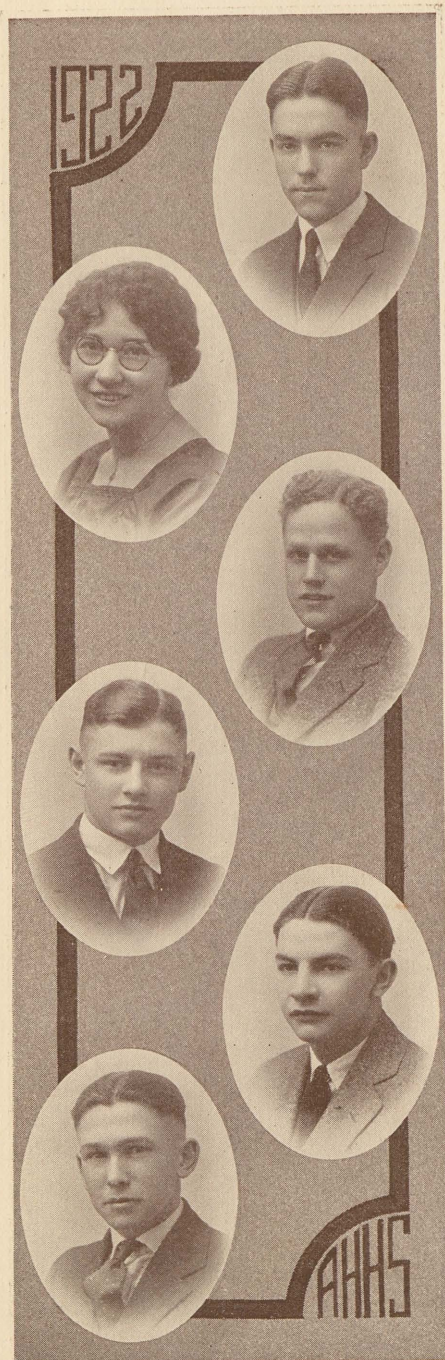
HELEN NEWMAN
 Alice Freeman Palmer Club
 Girls' Club

RUSSEL NORTAN "Curly"
 Football '21

JAMES M. PEARSON "Jim"
 Football '21, '22
 Baseball '21, '22 (Capt.)
 Criterion Staff

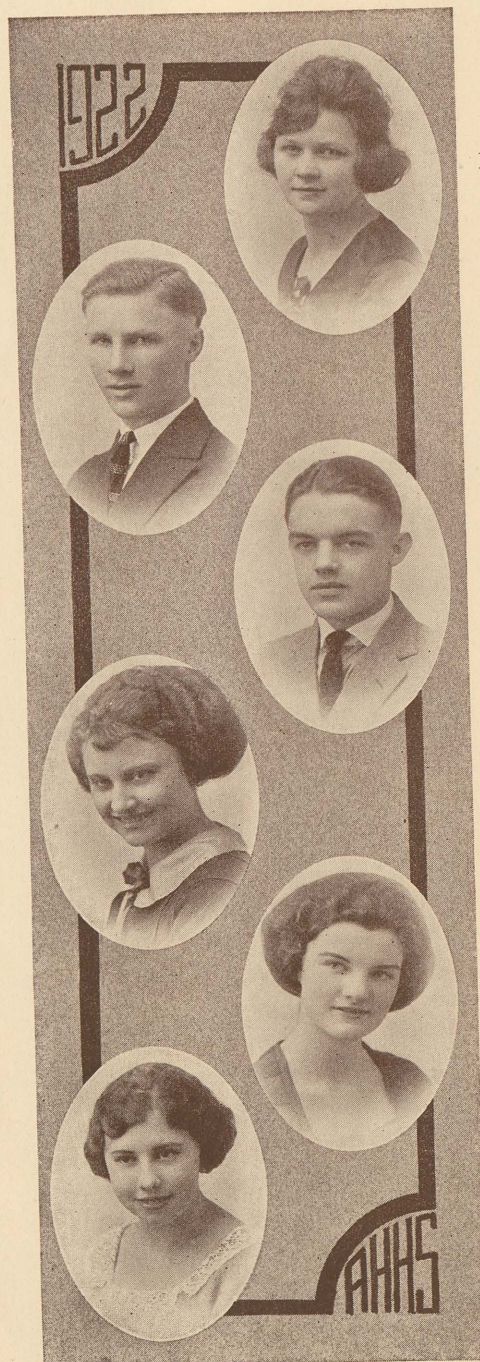
MAURICE CLARKE PERKINS "Cy"
 Hi-Y Club
 Football (Second Team)

F. EARL PETERS "Kid"



*June Williams
 1926*

Howard



FLOSSIE PIERCE
Girls' Club

*asked by
August 1923*

CARL POHLMAN "Carney"
Spanish Club (Vice President)
Football (Second Team)

JULIUS POWERS "Jule"
Junior Play
Student House of Representatives
(Clerk)
Hi-Y Club

SARA PRITCHARD "Pritch"
Girls' Glee Club
Girls' Club (Treasurer)

Nurse

HARRIET PUTNAM "Putty"
Girls' Club
Girls' Glee Club

OLGA M. RAUPP "Boots"
Girls' Glee Club
Girls' Club
Class Treasurer '20

June 1927



ROSS RUTLEDGE "Monk"

ELLEN RYAN
Debating Team '22

RAYMOND SCHEIB "Skibe"
Football '19, '20, '21
Baseball '19, '20
Basketball '20, '21

*Deb. Conservatory
Class 1925*
ALBERTINE SCHMIDTKE "Tine"
Debating Team '21, '22
Girls' Glee Club
Orchestra

HELEN SEIDEL "Tootz"
Girls' Club

HELEN SOUTHGATE "Minnie"
Senior Play Committee
Junior Play
Girls' Club

ROY PAUL SPIEKERMAN "Zeke"
 Football '17, '18, '19, '20 (Cap.)
 Class Vice President '22
 Letter Club

June 1925
 FAY SPENCER "Faddie"
 Girls' Club
 Alice Freeman Palmer Club

STANLEY STAFFELD "Stub"
 Student House of Representatives

THELMA STEARNS "Thel"
 Alice Freeman Palmer Club
 Girls' Club

J. MORRIS STEWART "Fat" *July*
 Hi-Y Club '20 (Treasurer)
 Student House of Representatives

SIDNEY STINGEL "Sid"





ANDREW STRUTHERS "Andy"
Student House of Representatives
Senior Play

DALE THOMAS "Gunboat"
Student House of Representatives

JESSIE TURNER
Alice Freeman Palmer Club
Spanish Club

EDWIN VERTACNICK "Ed"
Football (Second Team)
Student House of Representatives

ESTHER WALKER *Ypsi class 1927*
Alice Freeman Palmer Club
(President)
French Club (Vice President)
Girls' Club

HERBERT WALLACE "Herb"
Football '21
Letter Club

CLARENCE WATKINS *Mason Wetters*
May 1924
 "Dutch"

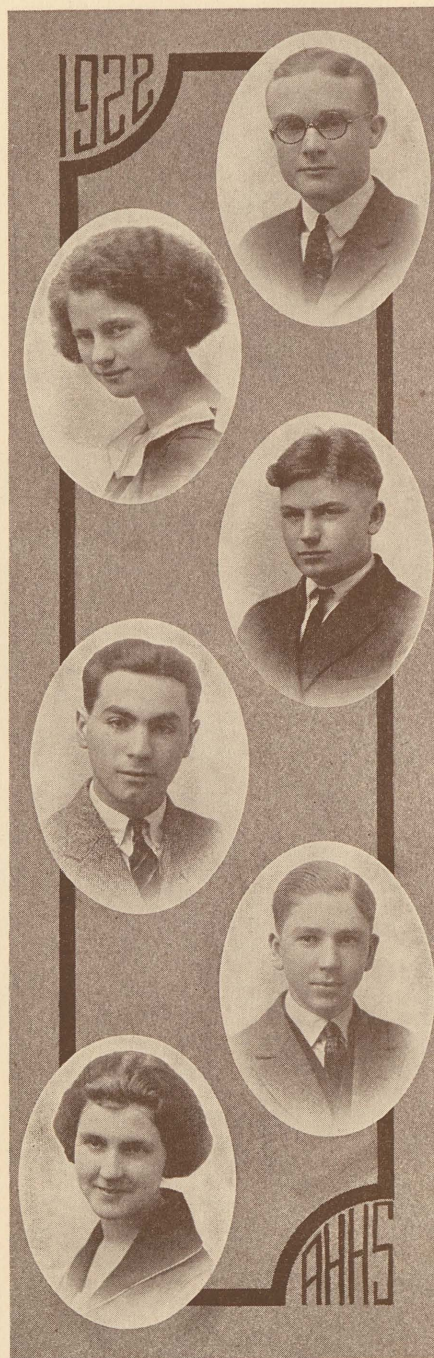
VERA WAY *1924*
 Mathematical Club
 Basketball Team
 Girls' Club

BEN WELLS
 Debating '22
 Student House of Representatives
 (Censor)

ALVEN MAX WEIL "Byke"
 Mathematical Club

EDWARD W. WILDE "Eddie"

DOROTHY WILLINGS "Dot" *1923*
 Girls' Club





LESTER GLEN WILKINSON

*Cy. Perkins
1926*

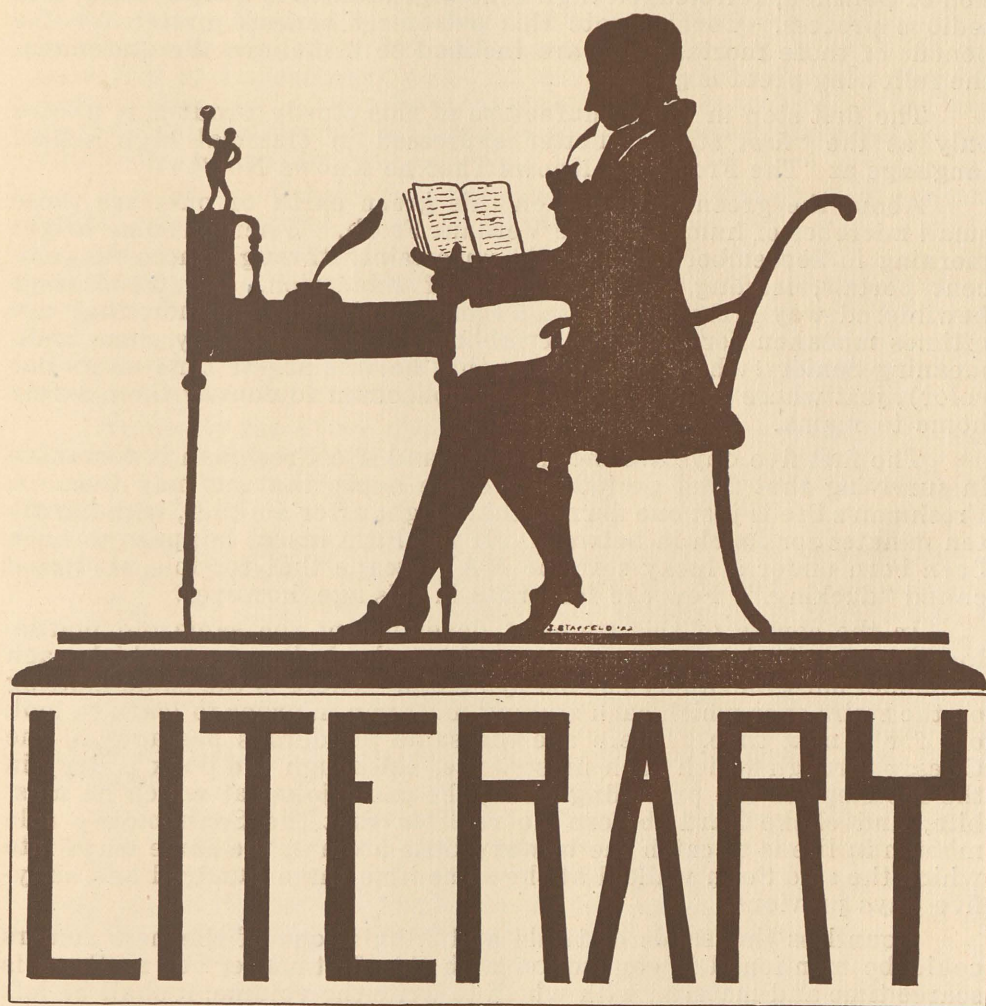
JANE WILLIAMS "Pineapple"
Girls' Club

DORIS WILTSE "Do"
Girls' Club

JENNIE WOLFGAM "Jean"
Girls' Club

VERA ZORN "Buddy"
Girls' Club

*Wm. Buckle
June 1925*



The Evolutions of a High School Student

E. Ewing, '22

To the minds of the High School students in general, the production of polished, full-fledged high school graduates is a slow, long, and tedious process. To elucidate this extremely serious matter for the benefit of those mortals who are inclined to disbelieve the statement, the following proof is given:

The first step in the manufacture of this sturdy product is known only as the "first stage," better expressed in classical high school language as "The Freshman Knows That he Knows Not."

About the greenest things on this green earth of ours are those small microbes of humanity, the Verdant Frosh. When on some bright morning in September they toddle uncertainly through those magnificent portals, leading into the Halls of Education, and wend their bewildered way from one part of Pandemonium to another, they are oftentimes mistaken for poor lost cribblings, and advised, by some well-meaning Senior (who has forgotten that he was at one time of similar color), just where to find the nearest policeman to convey them safely home to mama.

The first five days are the hardest, and if a Freshman is fortunate in surviving that fatal period, there are hopes that he may live. A Freshman's life is just one darned thing right after another, with hardly ten minutes for lunch in between. If the little rascal happens to have been born under a lucky star, he MAY escape that terrible abolition called "ducking." Few are fortunate in this age, however.

In the course of this stage of development the same old marvelous busts and pictures are strewn about the halls, upon which each freshman must inevitably cut his eye teeth. There is the same matting on the stairs over which each student must trip in order to learn to look out for it next time. There are the same ponderous passages in the Odessy through which each must wade, (although the book is dry) in the footsteps of the preceding class; the same jokes at which he must bite, and choke hard, before he realizes that the Sophomore's sole mission in life is to catch the unwary little atom in the same traps into which the said Soph^r walked at the same time three hundred and sixty-five days previous.

Countless thousands of trials and tribulations of the new comers could be mentioned in connection with this first stage, but as there is scarce time and material with which to write the volume, it shall be left to be discussed at length, on some future date.

The next step, or stage through which this waif of humanity must pass is the "Doubtful Stage."

"The Sophomore Knows Not that he Knows Not." During this time in the production of a graduate, the Sophomore feels uncertain about himself—his brain—his nerve—his heart—his appearance—in fact,

anything, almost, that pertains to his mortal being.

When he was a Freshman he received all "A's" to take home to Papa. His conduct was perfect—why, he even clasped his hands on the desk before him when they were otherwise unoccupied. The teacher used to pat him on the head and say, "What a sweet child. So genteel!"

Not so now! Indeed! He receives mostly "C's" with an occasional "D" or "E" mixed in for variety. Why? He does not know. Can it be that he is not as brilliant as he used to be, or is it that the teachers have just had a general "pick" on him? (Left unsolved.) Then his nerve—Gee! but he has a lot more than he thought he had. Why, when his mathematics teacher sent him in to Mr. Haggard the other day, he didn't cry, or anything. Gee!

It is believed that about the greatest doubt one of these sproutin' young 'uns entertains is concerning his heart.

"Now, honest," he asks himself. "Why is it that I have such sudden attacks of heart palpitation every time I meet a certain fair damsel in the hall, and what in the dickens makes my face so red and warm, and my eyes to become moist if this charming Miss deigns not to favor me with a patronizing glance? Really, I think I had better stay at home a day or two under medical care, I'm all in but my shoe strings.

Naturally the above uncertainty leads to the grave doubt, "I wonder why my shoes seem so dusty? I must have a comb for my vest pocket. Wonder if she likes this pink tie or if I'd better get a green one?"

Gradually this malady becomes more grave until he must have a pair of long trousers, which seem to pacify him a little.

The next cycle through which each student must pass before he sees his alias affixed to a diploma is the "polishing stage," expressed in the simple terms, "The Junior Knows Not that he Knows."

When this gallery of learning has been attained, he is then able to peer down condescendingly into the balcony occupied by Sophomores, and to the ground floor upon which new Freshies gambol friskily on the green.

Still his ambitions tempt him to dream of one sweet day when he shall be subjugated by no one, shall have to pay no one homage.

During this stage the ordinary stude "steps out." Sometimes this event occurs during the Freshman or Sophomore year and rarely not until the Senior year, but ordinarily during the polishing stage.

It is at this time that these pilgrims to the shrine of graduation develop a singular mania for devising a "patois"—French for "dialect," which is employed for lending a certain distinguished air to the user.

A certain peculiarity of this species of humanity is the common tendency to pick up some fragment of a quotation, generally known, and repeat this on every possible occasion, whether it is appropriate or not. A good example of a present day exclamation, whether regarding a fall down stairs or a teacher's simple sneeze, is "Hold 'er, Newt, She's

Rearin'!" Without this school dialect a Junior is regarded as "passe."

This stage comprises a whole year of excitement and animation in everything. It is at this time that axle grease is applied to all creaking joints and the young gentlemen and ladies start out to make a name for their school—good, bad, or indifferent. They are hasty in entering sports, and very enthusiastic laborers in dances, plays, etc.

One of their favorite occupations is preaching to the freshmen on how to walk the straight and narrow path in the dark, while they themselves indulge in all kinds of crookedness. However, the Juniors as a whole are quite a respectable class and quite beloved by the teachers whom they condescend to honor with their studied obedience and good will.

Ah! at last! after following them from their tender infancy, through the grilling horribleness of the several tortures, including Chemistry, we may stand back and complacently view their advent into High School Heaven. They are on the home stretch! This final stage in the development of the Educated Graduate is as the moonlight evening to a perfect summer day.

Of course, the road is rough at times, but some manage to cover it on a Latin Poney or the Teacher's Goat. Their lives are their own! They can now dry the Freshies tears—take the "Jack" out of Sophomore—and inspire the Junior to higher ideals.

These sophisticated young people are, unlike the lower classmen, too engrossed in their own affairs to care to meddle in those of the less advanced. Naturally, they receive the most shocking news with studied indifference, as much as to say, "Little one, when you have lived as long in this cruel world as I have, you will not become so excited over some one being merely kicked out of school," (or whatever the subject may be).

The journey done, each Finished Product steps forth to claim his or her merit of knowledge from the altar of Graduation—and thankfully repeats, with a sly wink at the rest of the world,

"The SENIOR KNOWS that he Knows."



Say it with Music

Ross Rutledge

Jimmy McMurran sat in a large arm chair by the fire place, gazing into the fire. There was no light in the room except that which the fire place afforded. His only companion was his Airedale, Pat, who stretched out on the hearth, dreamily gazing into his master's eyes.

"Say, Pat, you're a lucky dog," said Jimmy, in a tone mingled with sadness and worry. "Nothing to worry about. Just got to come home and eat. Look at me, Pat, I've got as much trouble as all the rest of the family put together."

Pat's only reply was a wag of his stump of a tail and a bound at Jimmy's face.

"Lie down, Pat," he commanded. "Don't be so emotional. I didn't want you licking my face."

The rebuked dog lay down at his master's feet. The master slouched lower in the great chair and watched the flames, as they leaped up the chimney.

He was in the same forlorn condition, when his elder sister, Barbara, came into the room.

"Let's have some light, Jim," she proposed. "Don't sit here in the dark like a hermit."

"No, I like the dark. You see it's more—more comforting," he replied.

"Comforting?" she asked.

"Yes—something like that."

"What ails you, Jim?" she asked, as she sat on the arm of his chair.

"Nothing," he replied.

"Shall we dance?"

"Well, then, why not cheer up?"

"Of course not," he growled. "What do you think I am, a fish?"

"I don't believe I'd dance with a fish. Do you?" she replied.

This last remark made Jimmy laugh. He could hardly think of his pretty sister dancing with a fish. She had replied to his retort literally, when he had spoken only figuratively.

Dancing was a pastime, exercise, sport, or art, which ever you care to term it, that Jimmy despised. It had spoiled many good times he had expected to have. Dancing would not have bothered Jimmy so much, if it did not necessarily involve girls.

He admired girls from a distance, but he preferred that distance be at least twenty or thirty feet. He was subject to many smiles, for beside being a likeable fellow, he was a football and basketball man. Jimmy admitted to himself that he liked to have the girls so friendly with him, but he was afraid of them. He had wished many times that by some freak of luck he would be forced to get acquainted with some one. However, he took great care not to have this happen. He was very successful in his attempt to avoid meeting the opposite sex, until about three weeks prior to the present incident. So you can see why

Jimmy was so disagreeable, when asked to dance.

Barbara and Jim sat in the dark for quite a while, without saying a word. Barbara was thinking of some way to find out what was troubling Jimmy. Jimmy, after considering what a rude reply he had made to his sister, was trying to say something to get in her good graces again. However, he did not want to be too apologetic, nor she did not care to appear too curious.

Finally, Jimmy broke the silence with, "I'm sorry I was so rude, Bab. But you know I hate to dance."

"I'll forgive you this time, Jimmy, but you should dance more. Your party is a week from tomorrow, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes—and worse'n that I don't know anyone to ask."

"Why not ask Jane Towner? Walt saw you taking her home one night," Barbara reminded him.

"It wasn't my fault," he replied. "Don Baird got me into it."

"Tell me about it, Jim. I'd like to know," she pleaded.

"That night Don and I went down town. There wasn't much doing so about eight-thirty we started home. Then Don said, 'Stop in with me at my uncle's. I have to see him.' So I did."

"I knew he had a cousin, Ruth, but I thought she would be entertaining Tommy Jones. She was entertaining, but it wasn't Tom, it was Jane. Then Don started into the parlor and I followed just like a little pup. I don't know why, but I just naturally did. Then without a word of warning he walks up to Ruth and says, 'Let's dance.' Well, I just had to follow suite. We danced two or three times and Don says, 'Let's change dances.' So we did. Jane kept looking at me all the time until I felt sorta foolish. So I asked Don to change back because I couldn't see her looking at me all the time. You see, she's shorter than I am."

"Then when it was time to go home, I had to go with her. She asked me to come and see her. Don said that I was a lucky dog. If he wants to go in my place he can. Walt saw me. So, of course, you all knew it the next day," he told her.

"Don't you believe you rather liked to dance with Jane? I don't think you were forced, were you?" Bab asked.

"No, I wasn't forced physically, only by circumstance. I'll admit I liked it only I felt so out of place—so unnecessary."

"Go to the phone and ask Jane. Don't wait until some one else has," advised Barbara.

"No, Joe Hammon probably asked her," he replied.

Barbara named several suitable girls but to no avail. Jim had a plausible excuse for each one. They were too young, too old, they had been asked, or he wasn't well enough acquainted with them.

She could not persuade her brother to ask Jane. She pleaded and coaxed with him. She discussed and debated the matter with him from different angles. She put it up to him as a social obligation. She even told him it would get even with Walt for telling on him. He was determined, however, not to be influenced either way. Then, as a last resource, she struck for the weak point in his armor, his mania for accepting bets and his lack of ability to let dares go unchallenged.

"I'll bet you a dollar, Jim, that you are afraid to ask her. I'd even dare to dare you. I know what's the matter. You are afraid to ask her. You think the fellows will laugh at you, when you go on the floor."

"Do I?" he exclaimed. "I'll show you. I'll show the whole family who's afraid. Where is that telephone book?"

"Where it usually is," she replied.

If Barbara had not left the room, it is not likely that such an amusing incident would have occurred as that which did.

Towner's number was 2964-J. It cannot be said whether it was from excitement or from hearing Dale's number so often, that caused him to ask for 2946J. As both girls' name was Jane, he had no trouble in speaking with Jane. He thought that the voice which belonged to Jane was not Jane Towner's. But because he had never spoken to her over the telephone he was not sure. Jane very gladly accepted his invitation. He left the phone, kicking himself because he had asked her.

Jimmy did not know or have any idea that he had asked and talked with the wrong number until the day before the dance. He and a few of the boys were down at the hall planning where to put their class numeral. The conversation naturally drifted to the dance. Each one told of whom he was going to take.

"Going to take tickets tonight, Jim?" some one asked.

"No, Don is," he replied.

"Going to take Jane tonight, Joe" asked Tommy Jones.

"No, I heard Jane's sister tell Miss Brown that Jim asked her," Joe replied.

Yes, that's true, fellows," said Jim. "Do I get dances?"

"Sure do," they all answered.

"That's funny," said Reggie Arnold, who knew every one's business except his own. "I heard Jane say yesterday that she hadn't been asked."

Jimmy began to have his doubts whether he had asked her or some one had been "kidding" him over the telephone the night he thought he had asked her. On his way home to dinner, he met her and, to erase any doubt there might be, he asked her.

At the dinner table Bab leaned over close to Jimmy and said, "I think it is so thoughtful of you, Jimmy, to ask Jane Dale. She doesn't go many places since Art is at the 'U.' But why did you do it?"

"I didn't," he replied. "That is I hope I didn't. I asked Jane again today—'cause—she, she would be sure I hadn't forgot."

"Pretty good, Jim. You certainly do step out good when you do. Not many fellows ask two girls to one dance," laughed Walter.

"I didn't. You keep out of this, 'Nosey.' I'll tend to you even if you are my big brother," shouted Jimmy, as he rushed to the telephone directory.

He looked up Towner's number and it was 2964J and he also found Dale's to be 2946-J. He remembered writing the number on the book while he was waiting for his number. He looked at the book and there was '2946J' staring him in the face, in his own writing.

He again took his chair by the fireplace, but the whole family was there. Barbara was the most sympathetic. She said that she could explain it to Jane. Jane was older and she would not be hurt as much as Jane Towner. Walt advised Jimmy to get sick. His mother didn't know what to say so she remained silent. Mr. McMurran said that it was all up to Jim, but he did not approve of Walt's proposal. Walter was taking someone else and Jim could hardly take both girls.

"I know what I'll do," said Jimmy. "I'll take Miss Dale. She is only twenty-two, at that. I'll get Don to take Jane."

"I'm glad of your stand, Son," was Mr. McMurran's only reply.

It was arranged that Don was to take Jane out but he was not to tell her of this affair. All he had to say was that owing to complicated matters he would be glad to take her in Jim's place. Jim called her up and told her he would be unable to go with her. He would be pleased if she accepted Don's invitation and he would explain later.

When Jimmy called for Miss Dale the next evening he nearly forgot this complication until he called at Towner's for Jane. Don and Jim were riding in the same car. Every one was pleasant, in fact, extremely so. However, Jimmy began to feel uneasy, for this would be his first experience on a dance floor.

Don asked for two dances. Jimmy gladly gave them to him. After filling out his program, he returned to Miss Dale. The music started, it was a snappy fox trot. By the end of the first encore, Jim began to feel more at home. Miss Dale was a delightful conversationalist. He was enjoying himself more than he thought possible, especially under so amusing circumstances.

By the end of the second dance that awkward feeling, which usually accompanies one at his first dance, had left him. He then consulted his program, more because others were doing so, than that he did not remember with whom he had exchanged. He had looked forward to this dance, the third, because he would dance it with Jane. Now he was going to make the big 'hit.' He was beginning to feel nervous. Glancing to his left, he saw Donald and Jane slowly coming over to them. They were talking and laughing together. Both apparently were enjoying themselves. He felt that he should be talking to Miss Dale. This would be hard, not that Jane Dale was not agreeable company, only talking was hard for Jimmy, when girls were concerned. He glanced up, they were nearly there. After the usual salutations had been given, the four talked merrily. Jimmy chatted with the best of them.

When the music started, he and Jane glided over the floor. But, somehow, he was unable to talk. He had felt the power in numbers while the four were together. Now he felt alone, although there were fifty other couples on the floor. His throat seemed parched, he could not think of anything to say, let alone suitable for the occasion. Their silence became appalling. Something must happen to break the dreadful silence.

Then a very timely incident, or rather accident, occurred. Roy Smith, the school's "Baby Elephant," became entangled in his own feet

and sat down on the floor in a very ungraceful manner. This caused a great laugh for the other dancers.

"He beat me to it," said Jim. "I suppose I'm next."

"I don't think so," Jane replied. "You're not so bad as you think."

Then as their conversation became more free, Jim began to enjoy himself once more.

During the several dances that followed, Jim continually stared at Jane. In doing so, he became the "pest" of the floor. If there was anyone he did not bump into, it was because they got off the floor when he came near.

Between dances Don came over to him, and drawing him aside, said, "Say, am I making a fool out of myself? You look at me all the time."

"I don't either," he denied.

"Well, then it's Jane. The next dance is yours. Look at her all you want to then, but don't look at her and me all evening," said Don.

Don's retort had some effect on Jimmy; he watched his dancing more than before.

That night Jim returned home, admitting he had a very enjoyable evening. The question at issue for Jimmy was, "How am I going to explain this?"

The next afternoon he told Don of his difficulty and asked for advice.

"That's easy," replied Don. "I made a date for you for Sunday night."

"You've got your nerve."

"If you don't want to I will."

Sunday night found Jimmy at Towner's residence. He was sitting on the davenport with Jane trying to explain this affair.

"I'm glad you did as you did, Jim," she said, after she was able partly to understand what he meant, from his awkward explanation.

"You're the best little sport ever, Jane," he replied.

Then four-year-old Bobby Towner came into the room and started the victrola. Being a well educated child, he left.

"What's that?" asked Jim.

"Say it With Music," she replied.

"I will; maybe it will be easier."

Jimmy said whatever he wanted to say to music. If you can't believe Irving Berlin, ask Jim.



The Guest's Ghost

Herbert Wallace

It was at a dinner, a little less than a year ago, at our house. Father had brought home a college friend who was stopping in town. To a question of mother's as to how he spent his time, as he was a man of means with no business or profession, he answered, "I have always been very much interested in traveling. Until two months ago I was a continual wanderer. I had seen practically every country in the world. You may well imagine that I had a good many interesting experiences and adventures. So I did, but the most bewildering experience of my roaming life took place in one of the longest civilized countries in Europe—Italy.

"A little over a year ago," he continued, "I stepped off the slowest train in Christendom, from Rome to Perugia, about fifty miles north of Rome. Looking around, I found myself a little south of the city. The town was located on a hill, and below stretched away the ancient narrow streets and humble homes.

"A friendly native, who was very anxious to take me to a hotel, told me that the town had not changed a bit in the last five hundred years, excepting for the erection of the large modern hotel, which, it appeared to the natives, was the only attraction of the city to foreigners. But I made it clear to him that I didn't want to go to any modern place, choosing one of the most ancient buildings for lodging instead. When he understood me, he was very much surprised, but said he had a brother who could take care of me. I bade him lead me to the house of his brother, and off we started.

"He lead the way from one winding, narrow street to another of the same quality. Finally we stopped at a door exactly like all the other doors we had passed. My friend led me into a large room, with a prosperous looking Italian sitting watching his wife cook dinner. He arose and greeted his brother, who explained my wants.

"The old landlord, as he proved to be, said that he had no empty rooms excepting an old room in the cellar, which he said was not fit for the American, and hadn't been used for years.

"Fine!" thought I. "A new experience."

"I told him that I would be satisfied just as long as it had a bed that I could rest on. So the old gentleman led me down the stairs into a large and stuffy room below. It had only a crack about an inch wide and two feet long as a passage for air. He lit a candle for me, and I saw that my resting place, or rather cell, was a room about ten feet square. The walls and the floors were of stone blocks, and in one corner was a wooden frame, which he informed me was my cot. There was also a chair in the room, which I honestly suspect was a relic of Caesar's day.

"After dinner we talked a while—or rather the landlord did all the talking. He told me how this inn of his was standing over the ancient castle of a wicked Perugian king, which had long since been

a mass of crumbling stones.

"When the conversation lagged finally, I took a lantern and went to my room, as I was greatly in need of sleep. When I got there, I found that it not only was stuffy, but was infested with rats. When I entered, they all scampered away, but soon returned. I was in the act of drawing a shoe off, and I finished this and carefully took aim at the thickest collection of rats, and let it sail. The shoe flew wide of its target, and hit one of the lower bricks in the side wall.

"What was happening? In the wall above the brick, a heavy stone door slowly opened inward.

"You cannot imagine how surprised I was, and at first, terribly frightened. I rapidly recovered from my fright, and took in the situation. The shoe must have released a spring catch to this mysterious door. I couldn't imagine what it could lead to, but again led by the adventurous spirit, I replaced the shoe, and, taking the lamp in hand, I stepped through the doorway. I was able to discern a stairway leading down into the dark below. The adventurous again won out over common sense, and it lead me down those stairs into a passage-way below.

"I followed this rude corridor and went down and down. At last I came to an end of this underground passage. There was a blank wall in front of me. I searched it very carefully for any trace of a crack which might be that of a door, but could find no sign of anything but a blank wall. I was just about ready to turn back when a possible hope came to me. I let the light of the lantern fall well on the floor. And surely my efforts were not wasted, for behold, there lay a large iron ring, and I could even see the outline of a trap-door. With a mighty effort I succeeded in getting it out, and pulling it aside, I went below. The light of my lantern fell upon the most beautiful collection of jewels and gold that I ever hope to set eyes on. I went forward and examined them more closely.

"It certainly was no ill wind that brought me to this town, thought I. But just then I had a feeling of fear or dread of something unknown. I felt that someone had entered the room. I picked out a heavy bar of gold from the treasure pile, and wheeled about. In the other end of the chamber was a man, who might well have stepped out of "The Arabian Nights." He wore a kingly garb of the time before Christ. I was dreadfully afraid of this person, although at the time I didn't marvel at his costume. For some unexplainable reason I lifted the gold bar, and hurled it at him. I thought I had been successful this time in my shot, but my bar went right through my hero of the early times. The bar went directly through his chest, and crashed on the wall in back of him. I had never before laid any thought on phantom creatures, but now I had a terrible fear of this super human thing that had no material substance.

"At last he spoke, in a low, trembling tone, 'The mighty Suzzina does not pardon him who enters the treasure room of this palace. You enter the kingdom of the immortal rulers. It is my purpose to rid the world of thee.'

"Here he strode forward, drawing his heavy, yet transparent sword. My knees were trembling, and my whole frame was paralyzed—I couldn't move a muscle. I saw the transparent sword fall swiftly down upon me—then darkness.

"When I awoke all was darkness. At first I couldn't remember where I was. Then I recalled the journey down the passageway, the trap door, the vast treasures, and the ghostly king. The sword had evidently put me in an unconscious condition.

"I felt about me and my hand struck the lantern. I lit a match and was astonished to find that I was on the floor in the room which the landlord had assigned to me. I saw over in the corner the bed and the chair. But there was no door in the wall. I lit the lantern, and got up, stiff from lying on the cold, hard floor. I walked over to where the door of stone had been, but I pounded on all the lower bricks with hopes of releasing the spring catch. I could find no trace of my certainly true experience which had so recently taken place. I searched the entire room, but found nothing. Then reaching in my pocket for my pipe, which I was about to resort to, I felt a hard something that wasn't a pipe. Drawing it out, I saw a piece of gold, which seemed to be an ancient Etruscan coin. I recalled that I had held this just before that feeling of fear, and must have unconsciously put it in that pocket.

"That coin is the only evidence that I am not telling you a fairy tale, or that I was not sleeping, and dreamed all of this.

Here," he continued, drawing from his pocket a black purse, which he opened and drew a coin from, "is the coin which I took from that old treasure pile.

"Probably some of you believe that I have told a good fish story, but I have no further proof, and I will have to let you draw your own conclusions."

At last Dad said, "Bob, I don't know what to say. This is the first thing of its kind that has ever seemed true to me. But, Bob, that coin of yours is no counterfeit, I am a little judge of coins, myself, and that is a true Etruscan type. It seems to me what you've said must either be true or this friend of mine is a professional story-teller."

Then, since I had to get up to go to school in the morning, mother sent me, strangely affected by the story, upstairs, and I was very careful to look under my bed and in my closet before I retired.



A Tale of an Early Ale-House

Charles Fredericks

Having left my good home in Warwickshire at an early age, I, David Henderson, now found myself working as servant boy in the first public alehouse in Liverpool. This gathering place was in the possession of one, John Balemore, who had come into the ownership through the death of his father, a money lender.

The house in question was situated rather far back from residences and nearer to the river front. It had before it, as a sign, a crouching lion, which had been carved by a sailor who was also a patron.

John Balemore was an unmarried man and one whose first glance seemed to be melancholy. During the serving of my apprenticeship we slept together in a room in the rear. Soon after the beginning of my work in this alehouse I came to know that my employer's melancholia was only assumed in the presence of strangers in the gatherings. I soon deemed it a clever method of procuring important news of the times, but, as for myself, I was never enough of an actor to make the ruse work.

In these times, persons who attended the Church were deemed sinners if they drank their ale in a public place. This was the reason for Balemore's house not always being crowded. Our trusty patrons numbered two sailors, three retired fishermen, a decrepit old gentleman, who professed to have been a surgeon of skill, and a farmer, who came but rarely, and then he usually stayed to pass the night. Besides these there came travelers who were passing by way of Liverpool.

I shall also mention that there was, at this time, a rumor of a quarrel with Spain. Spain, one should know, at this time had the strongest navy afloat, and one which numbered the most men. The feats of Drake and others had also made the Spaniards long for revenge.

One evening, when all the old cronies had departed to their lodgings, I heard the tattoo of hoof-beats on the cobbles by the side of the shop and then an oldish man, in the garb of a monk, burst into the shop through the side door. He asked me the direction to G——, all the while leaning against the open door in a listening attitude. Master John had been invited over Vernon way to sit in a game of the ever-popular whist, and had not yet returned. I was unable myself, because of my meager knowledge of the country, to give the information. He then asked me if he could bide the night with us, and as I was alone, I could hardly refuse. To my surprise, he beckoned to someone outside the door, who presently joined us. The latter, unlike the huge personage of the monk, was a thin, worn-to-the-bone person, who seemed to be under the hand of the monk.

They forthwith adjourned to another room to sip a pot of ale. After I had served their order I was imparted the knowledge, by the monk, that if any strangers asked me of the whereabouts of two riders, I was to deny any knowledge of them. This was to be carried out at the risk of my life. Surely enough, within the quarter of an hour, there

came an official-looking person to inquire. I fervently denied having seen anyone, and the stranger galloped off. My anxiety grew great, however, when the guests grew boisterous and I fervently waited for Balemore. Then the leader of the two, who was far beyond soberness, decided to leave in the darkness. They departed, but before they did, the smallest of the two asked me in a whisper, "Lad, as a favor to me, will you, as the clock strikes one, swing a lantern at the end of point, yonder, so that it can be seen on the east shore? Lad, it means the salvation of England. Promise me, lad." I did not have the heart to refuse this appeal and so I gave the old man my hand. Both men departed and again I heard the hoof-beats.

Not long afterwards Master John returned home and after hearing my story, he decided with me that the signal should be given. We both went to the point with a lighted lantern. When the hour had come, I climbed a rock and swung the light. A few minutes later a rocket soared into the air. It seemed to come from the harbor down river. Several more rockets soared. Within a quarter of an hour guns were booming all over the harbor and coast. The Spanish Armada had come.

As for the two strangers, I found that the smallest was the real monk, while the larger was his captor, a spy.

A FAREWELL

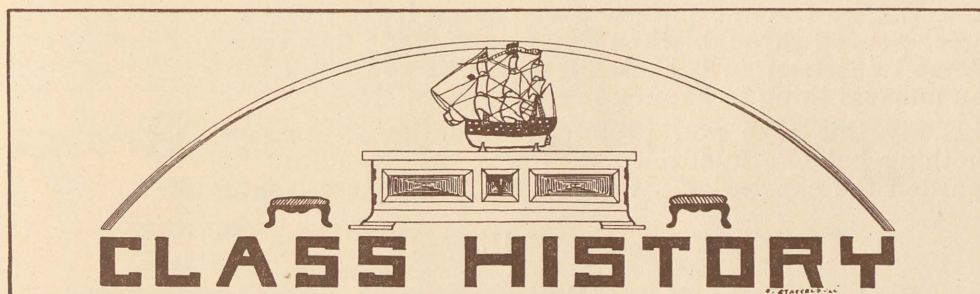
The dear old school, dear Arthur Hill,
A tribute deep but sad we bring;
Though we now leave thy hallowed walls,
To you our thoughts will ever cling.

We'll test what we have learned from thee
In book of life's unerring page,
If thou hast taught us false or true,
The wondrous problems of the age.

We'll prove and you will stand the test
Of all stern critics have to say,
You've led us in the path of right,
We followed where you blazed the way.

So farewell old school, 'tis a sad goodbye,
Your faithful task at last is through;
And softly, swiftly we'll depart,
The dear old class of "22."

Sara Pritchard



There are many kinds of history, and you have probably had a taste of at least three kinds, perhaps four; but we are not going to bore you with anything as dry as "The Conquest of Persia," nor yet the "Landing of the Pilgrims." Before you, we are placing the history of the class of '22, beginning with the proverbial green freshman, and ending with the dignified senior of the maroon and white.

On Sept. 7, 1918, there came timidly to the door of Arthur Hill, what was destined to become the peppiest, most alive group of graduates, whose departure from Arthur Hill has ever been mourned. But to look at us, you never could have guessed all this, for despite our large number, we were not a very imposing looking group.

When we look back to 1918, it seems but a few months since we were a group of irresponsible children. A quotation from the class secretary just about sums us up:

Our Class Motto—"Study if Necessary."

Our Class Song—"There'll be no Party There."

Our Class Hope—"That we Would Not Entirely Disappoint Our Teachers."

For our officers we chose:

President	-----	Charles Grube
Vice - President	-----	George Ames
Secretary	-----	Helen Southgate
Treasurer	-----	Henry Snyder

As freshmen we didn't do much unless it was to "cut up," and we proved to be the bane of Miss Davis' life.

We gave one party at Social Hall, an all-freshman affair, which was—well its social success was questionable. We didn't give a big party because we weren't supposed to know enough to, and because the principal didn't think we studied enough to deserve one.

But we weren't quite so green as we looked, for a little of our true color peeped through when Bun Grube made first team in football and Anne Robertson, in basketball, which, if you don't already know it, is an unusual thing to happen in a Freshman class.

By this time you probably have the impression that we were nothing but one hundred and ninety little ignorant "devils," if you'll pardon the expression. Well, perhaps we were—but wait.

II.

Back we came for another year, much more sophisticated and worldly wise. It is queer what one short summer will do to a freshman. It changes him from an insignificant creature to a lofty individual, who deems it much beneath him to even stoop to notice those little new green things who are crawling along the halls. We should have remembered our former days of torture, the watering trough and the sprint around the block in bare feet. We should have had some compassion for them, but our becoming Sophomores had so increased the circumference of our heads, and had so filled it with self-satisfaction that no room was left for such a thing as compassion.

This was the year that put "22" into the limelight. We supplied the football team with these members, Capt. Spiekerman, Grube, Friske, and Scheib. To the basketball teams we contributed Charles Grube, Paul Hackett, Helen Carr and Katherine Kaltenbach.

The Interclass Basketball Championship was awarded to us, and Josephine Rutledge distinguished our class by bringing home the honors from the declamation contest.

Our Soph. Frolic:—Well we need not even describe it. Everyone remembers it as the best party that has ever been given at A. H. H. S.

We ended our social season and said farewell to our Sophomore year, with a class picnic at Riverside Park. Everyone had loads of fun and it has always been a reminder of our good times during our second year at high school.

Our wonderful success as a class can be accounted for by the names of our leaders:

President	-----	Joe Friske
Vice President	-----	Sadie Doerfner
Secretary	-----	Ada Giles
Treasurer	-----	Olga Raupp

III.

Well now, we're Juniors. "Twenty-two" has passed successfully through two years and now we came back with the sole object of making our class the most noted in the history of Arthur Hill, and it must be added, we did it.

Our attitude toward the Freshmen and Sophomores was indifferent now, for we were much more developed mentally and less given to childish pranks, characteristics of former years.

Bun Grube was nominated and re-elected to his second term of office in the presidential chair. The other officers were:

Vice President -----Paul Hackett
Secretary -----Ada Giles
Treasurer -----Raymond Scheib

We are proud of all we did this year but this is what we consider the most noteworthy thing. Eight out of the football eleven were Juniors, including Capt. Spiekerman, Grube, Friske, Hackett, Coash, Pearson, Scheib and Hawkins.

On the basketball teams we were represented by Paul Hackett, Joe Friske, Charles Grube, Raymond Scheib, Helen Carr, Grace Carmichael and Jane Williams.

On Feb. 15, we gave our "J" Hop. It was a big social hit, "the best of the year," but financially, it wasn't such a big success. We went "in the hole" about forty dollars, but it didn't worry us much, for we made it up and more, when we presented "The Big Idea," with Donna Donnelly and Don Metcalf playing leading roles.

Albertine Schmidtke brought us to light in yet another phase of school life, debating.

Our class rings were ordered early in the year and arrived some time before Christmas. Every one was pleased with the neat and plain design. The pattern is a large 1922 surrounded by Arthur Hill High School in small letters. Just a gentle reminder that we were the next class to go.

We gave the Seniors a big banquet during Commencement week, and the banquet hall at the Canoe Club was filled to the limit. Several speeches and toasts were given and then we were presented with the traditional horn, which we were able to keep from the hands of the Sophomores. Then dancing was enjoyed by everyone.

The Seniors showed their appreciation of the banquet by a return given at Wenona Beach a few days later. The rain dampened a few spirits for a short time, but nevertheless, it was an honest-to-goodness picnic.

IV.

When the next September rolled around, we had at least attained a place on that envied pinnacle—the Senior Class. Now we were the wisest, most looked-up-to group in the school, and we could casually view the rest of the students from our envied perch. In our newly acquired dignity we at first felt that Seniors needed no leaders to guide them safely through the year, but about a month later we changed our minds and met to elect the following officers:

President -----Charles Grube
Vice President-----Roy Spiekerman
Secretary -----Edythe Rhinevault
Treasurer -----Raymond Scheib

The trivial question of class dues was soon settled; then the Legenda staff was appointed, and began work immediately.

We decided that it was necessary to give a party in order to show the rest of the world what the Seniors could do. This plan took the form of a Senior dance given at the Annex last February. Everyone had a splendid time—ask the chaperones if you doubt it.

The Seniors have contributed many stars to the athletic field this year. We are represented in football by Capt. Grube, Scheib, Hackett, Hawkins, Friske, Pearson, Coash and Wallace. Almost the entire basketball team was made up of Seniors, especially during the first semester, namely: Capt. Grube, Scheib, Friske, Hackett and Fredericks.

An unusual amount of interest and ability has been shown in debating this year, and the success of the teams has been due in part to the work of Albertine Schmidtke, Ben Wells, Ellen Ryan and George Alderton. They will receive the coveted "A. H." before graduating this year.

The history would not be complete without due consideration of those Seniors who have been active in the clubs and literary work of the school. Eleanor Johnson has been president of the Girls' Club for the last two years, and because of her efforts the girls have been given many good times at the Annex which they will never forget. Esther Walker and Josephine Rutledge have been presidents of the Alice Freeman Palmer Club. This was a new organization this year and required much skill and hard work to make it the success it has been. Edythe Rhinevault, as editor of the Criterion, has had the care of the school publication in her charge this year. The paper has been much more successful than in the past, and has been more representative of the school. Without our capable editor this would have been impossible. Another important fact is that eight of the fourteen staff members are Seniors. Last, but not least, Harry Hawkins is a speaker of the Student House of Representatives, a new body which has been organized this year.

The play committee finally, after much consideration, chose Booth Tarkington's comedy, "Clarence," to be given May fourth at the Auditorium. If judged by the number of students and immense interest presented at the try-outs, the play is bound to be a landmark in the class history.

Plans are being made to give a genuine class party some time in the near future. This is to be an "all Senior" affair which will provide fun,

entertainment and dancing for every one who attends. Incidentally, we are hoping that the "J" Hop will be a success, as we are looking forward to a banquet which will be equally as good as the one we gave last year's graduating class. The Juniors will find themselves well repaid as we intend to give them a return; just what, when, or where, has not been decided, but they can plan on an all-around good time.

The class of '22 also hopes to leave behind something that will remind the remaining students and newcomers of our deeds rather than our misdeeds. We want to leave some form of scholarship fund which will not only aid many Arthur Hill students, but which will also be a lasting memorial to our class.

Last, but far from least of our hopes, we have almost reached the goal we have been seeking for four years—graduation. We cannot help but approach it with gladness, with a sense of work finished and work begun, with a feeling of freedom and yet responsibility, and with an eagerness, to step out into the ranks, to test our ability to make a place in the world. Yet, in the midst of our anticipation, a small, sad voice reminds us that the doors of Arthur Hill have closed upon our high school days, that we will never meet here again for those nerve-racking exams, club meetings, or jolly good times. Many of us will wander far from here, no one knows where, but one thing we DO know: we shall always remember dear old Arthur Hill and give it a sacred and uppermost place in our hearts.

ADA GILES,
SADIE DOERFNER.



Class Prophecy

I have formed a hobby of collecting newspapers from various cities in the country. The reason for this hobby is that I am still in search of material for my novel which is to be my life work. I have learned that authors often receive their inspirations from newspaper accounts. Thus, in the year of 1932, a large pile of papers lies before me on my desk.

The first one I unfold is from my old home town, Saginaw. It contains many familiar names, and each one recalls to my memory a face which I shall never forget.

Who can this stern looking old man in the picture be? There must have been an election in Saginaw, for here is the mayor's picture. What does the article say about him? I adjust my bone-rimmed glasses and begin to read.

THE SAGINAW NEWS COURIER

SAGINAW, MICH., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1932.

READING CLUB ENTERTAINED

Prof. George Alderton of the University of Michigan addressed the Saginaw Woman's Reading Club yesterday afternoon on the subject of "Speaking in Public." Professor Alderton has been an instructor in oratory for the past five years, and the members of the club who heard him feel that they have gained much by his speech. It was through the influence of Miss Jessie Turner, President of the club, that Professor Alderton was brought here.

MAN HIT BY AUTOMOBILE

Ross Rutledge, 205 Lyon street, was struck by a machine driven by Clifton Reavey of Freeland, yesterday morning. Mr. Rutledge received a broken nose but he is expected to recover. When Reavey realized that he had struck Rutledge, he leaped from his Rolls Royce and helped the injured man to his feet. The machine sped on and crashed into the plate glass window of Sidney Stingel's department store on the corner of Court and Michigan. Both Stingel and Rutledge are suing Reavey for damages.

METZLER ELECTED BY HUGE MAJORITY

Mr. Merle Metzler, for the past twenty years a resident of the city of Saginaw, was yesterday elected mayor. Mr. Metzler has always been interested in politics, and it is expected that he will do much for the improvement of the city. Mayor Metzler is even now favoring the plan of adopting an aeroplane transportation system for Saginaw.

NEW MEMBERS OF FACULTY CHOSEN

Mr. Edwin Meyers, superintendent of the West Side schools, has announced that Misses Ada Giles and Helen Carr are two of the new members of the Arthur Hill high school faculty. Miss Giles has specialized in every branch of mathematics, while Miss Carr is an expert in gymnasium work. Both these young women are alumnae of Arthur Hill High, and it is expected that they will be sympathetic and competent instructors.

SAGINAW MAN MAKES VALUABLE DISCOVERY

Russell Norton, famous experimenter, has found a new method of removing permanent waves from the hair. Mr. Norton guarantees his new method to be successful, as it has proved so on his own hair. The nature of this new discovery has not yet been disclosed.

TOWN TALK

Benjamin Wells, the famous Shakespearian actor, will give "The Tale of Two Cities" at the Scenic Theater next Wednesday evening. This will be of great interest to those who enjoy Milton's works. Miss Flossie Pierce and Miss Fay Spencer will make their debuts on the concert stage by singing a duet accompanied on the harp by Miss Kathryn Chamberlain.

Tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock, Edward Wilde will open his new sporting goods store at Payne's Station. Ladies' bathing suits will be displayed on living models among whom will be seen Miss Midge Redmond, the famous Mack Sennett bathing beauty.

Traffic was held up yesterday for twenty minutes by a throng which gathered to hear Miss Esther Walker, a prominent suffragist leader, make a speech on a soap box in the middle of Genesee street. Russell Brandt, traffic officer, became very much confused in his work, but finally succeeding in arresting Miss Walker. The prisoner was immediately released, however, by Frances Lauer, chief of police, who recognized Miss Walker as a former school chum.

Robley George slipped on a banana peel in front of his home last evening, and broke one of his front teeth. His wife rushed to his rescue, and it is expected that he will be fully recovered within a few days. Please remit flowers.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Remer was the scene of much confusion Thursday when it was found that their daughter, Myrtle, had disappeared. It is believed that she has eloped with Earl Avery who has been conducting a medicine show in the city for the past week. The show also left town Thursday evening.

Miss Lucille Grobe sails the twenty-first of next month for Africa where she will take up missionary work among the natives. She will be assisted by Miss Irma Karow who is also interested in this work.

Watch in this column for a series of feature articles, to be written by Miss Ellen Ryan. The first will be "Advice to Lovers." The Saginaw News-Courier is very fortunate in obtaining so prominent a newspaper woman as Miss Ryan for its staff.

Word has been received here of the marriage of Miss Jennie Wolfgram to a member of the Russian embassy, Monsieur Shindouski. Miss Wolfgram met her husband while traveling in the Orient.

The students of Arthur Hill high school were given a very interesting assembly yesterday afternoon. The speaker was Miss Grace Carmichael, who told the students of her experiences in Arthur Hill during her school career. Miss Carmichael is now a basket ball coach in one of the New York schools.

Miss Helen Newman has been appointed County Supervisor of schools.

Next week is Chautauqua week in Saginaw. One of the first programs will be presented by Miss Josephine Rutledge, who will give several famous readings, including extracts from Shakespeare's works. This will interest people of Saginaw as Miss Rutledge was a former resident of this city.

Mr. Robert Haines has just completed a most interesting book on "How to Stay Small and Live a Long Time." This book will be of great value to all people who wish to reduce, as it contains some splendid plans for dieting.

The cooking and sewing classes conducted by Misses Pearl Hansen and Myrtle Lincoln in the Graebner building reopen next week. The kitchen walls, which were somewhat damaged by the explosion caused by a pan of biscuits rising too high in the oven, have been re-decorated. Miss Mary Hammond, who was preparing for her coming marriage, baked the biscuits. Miss Hammond was immediately given her diploma.

Allaseba Becker, the noted New York costume designer, has opened up a new studio at 64 Franklin St. Miss Becker will manage the studio personally for a few months and then she will return to New York. Miss Doris Wiltse will succeed Miss Becker as manager of the Saginaw studio.

Miss Jane Williams has opened up a private kindergarten at her home, 1120 Court street. She will be assisted by Miss Isabel Maynard. Misses Williams and Maynard have been interested in child welfare work for the past five years, and it is expected that the mothers of Saginaw will gladly welcome this splendid opportunity for their children.

BIG ROBBERY CAUSES MUCH DISTURBANCE

The beautiful new home of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Stewart, 602 N. Michigan, was entered by some unknown desperado Sunday evening and many valuables taken, among them, a silver mesh bag with the monogram "J" engraved upon it. This undoubtedly

belonged to Mrs. Stewart who was formerly Miss Doris Jost of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart are now in New York attending the wedding of Miss Margaret Kanzler. They are expected to return soon, however, to investigate the theft.

The problem is now in the hands of the Vertachnick and Mannion detective agency, and it is hoped that under such competent men, the mystery of the robbery will soon be disclosed.

EXPLOSION SHAKES NEIGHBORHOOD

Paul Hackett, chemist and experimenter, was blown twenty feet into the air yesterday morning, when the chemicals with which he was working exploded. Hackett has for many weeks been engaged in preparing odorless perfume. A few hours after the explosion, Mr. Hackett was found in a clump of rose bushes, by Charles Frederick, a hospital interne, who took him to the Saginaw General Hospital where his wounds were dressed. It is believed that Mr. Hackett will recover. He intends to devote the remainder of his life to working out the formula for this valuable luxury. Many people believe that Hackett was really manufacturing a high explosive, but officer Stanley Staffeld, who investigated the case, claims that Hackett's experiment was one of the most noble contributions to science.

DISTINGUISHED SINGER VISITS SAGINAW

Miss Albertine Schmidtke, noted prima donna of the Chicago Opera Company, gave a program Tuesday afternoon before a few intimate friends. Miss Schmidtke expects to sail soon for Europe, where she will spend a few years in studying the folk songs of foreign countries. It is also rumored that Miss Olga Raupp, who has gained popularity in the musical world, will sail with Miss Schmidtke, as her accompanist.

SOCIETY NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Pritchard announced the engagement of their youngest daughter, Sarah, at a dinner Tuesday evening but the name of Miss Pritchard's fiancée is to be kept secret. Miss Pritchard intends to continue her work as dietician at the Woman's Hospital until the rest of the patients die.

The dancing classes of Miss Harriet Putnam will give their annual recital at Pioneer hall next Friday. One of the chief events of the evening will be a dance by Marion Lauer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lauer. Mrs. Lauer was formerly Miss Frances MacLellan of this city.

Miss Vera Zorn entertained the Ladies' Aid at tea Tuesday afternoon. Miss Thelma Stearns poured.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Struthers are guests at the home of Mrs. Struther's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McLellan. Mr. and Mrs. Struthers expect to return to their home in Bridgeport where Mr. Struthers is engaged in the real estate business.

Congressman and Mrs. Joseph Friske have returned from Washington.

DIVORCE DECREED

Mrs. Alvin Weil was granted a divorce from Alvin Weil by Judge Maurice Perkins Monday morning. Mrs. Weil will resume her maiden name, Helen Southgate. The grounds for the divorce were non-support. Attorney James Pearson appeared for the defendant.

MALLOCK-DOERFNER

A beautiful wedding was solemnized Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Doerfner, when their daughter, Sadie, became the bride of Vincent Mallock, a well known advance agent of Ringling Bros. Circus.

The bride was bewitching in a gown of white satin and point lace. She carried a huge bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Her veil was an heirloom of the family. The maid of honor was Miss Emelyn Ewing, who wore flesh colored crepe de chine and carried Ophelia roses. Mr. Mallock was attended by Russell Bingham. Both Miss Doerfner and Mr. Mallock were very popular in Saginaw's younger set. They will be at home in Zilwaukee after July 1.

Miss Elva Koerber has returned from her vacation trip in the west and is ready to resume her work as court stenographer.

Miss Lois Hepinstall, general secretary of the First Presbyterian church, is visiting friends in Hemlock.

BUSINESS CARDS

Grand Opening—D. McLandress & Co., New Department Store, 918-28 W. Genesee Ave.

Face Massage, Hair Dressing, Manicure, etc.—Mlle. Loretta Major, Brewer Arcade.

See Me Before You Build—Roy P. Spiekermann, Construction Engineer.

Funeral Director—Richard Gugel.

Dr. Harry Hawkins, Osteopath—Room 4, Mason Bldg. Office hours: 2:00 a. m. to 12:00 p. m.

Saginaw's New Bank, Dale Thomas, president—\$20,000 surplus, \$50,000 capital.

Visit the Yellow Tea Rooms—Good service. Vera Cox, Helen Seidel, proprietors.

For Sale—All kinds of Farm Implements. Carl Pohlman.

Fancy Sewing—Party gowns, children's apparel, etc., 25c and up. Esther Graebner, Isla Jones, Helen Moore, proprietors.

Public Stenographer—Edith Christie, Bancroft Hotel.

Reynold Anschutz, Electric and Radio Supply Co., 652 Hamilton St.

Quick and Dirty Restaurant—Louis Coash and Raymond Scheib, Mgrs.

See the Wolverine Today! Special Attraction—Saginaw's noted dancer, Dorothy Willings. Vera Way in "Evangeline." Emma Duclos at the organ.

Lecture tonight—By Daisy Hollies, Ph. D. Subject, "Literature of Mars." Doors open at 8:00. High School Annex.

Julius Powers—Doctor of Dental Surgery X-Ray. Office hour, 11:00 to 12:00 a. m.

Past, Present, Future. Let me read Your Fate. Palmist Winefred Harrod.

Miss Mildred Kilburn, Swedish Massage. Parlors 112 114, Lapeer.

Miss Eleanor Johnson—Teacher of Elocution. Regular class from 1 to 3 p. m.

Have Your Portrait Made Where the Famous Actresses Do. Marie Kennedy, Paramount star, says: "I would never allow anyone but Mr. Earl Peters to take my pictures.—Peters Photograph Gallery.

Races at Saginaw Fair Grounds, July 4. Be there. See the Daring Speed Demon, Harold Dall.

Buy your Furniture at Walter Richter's. A Dollar Down and up.

Send Her Orchids.—Lester Wilkinson, Florist.

Miss Genevieve Brandt has returned from New York with many new ideas for summer millinery. 1025 Genesee.

WANT ADS

WANTED—Boy to work in office after school. Clarence Watkins.

WANTED—Experienced machinists. Good wages. Apply Charles Grube, President Speeder Automobile company.

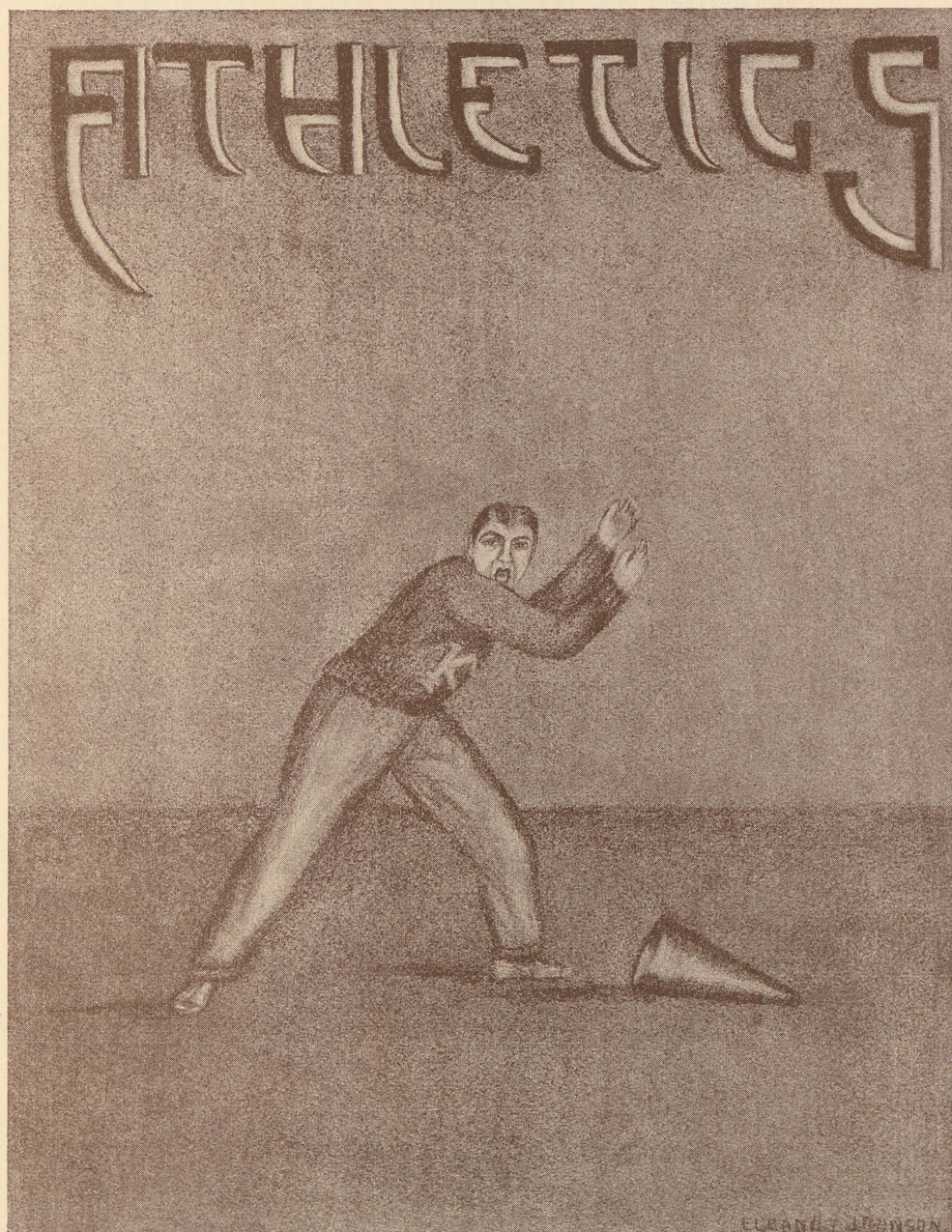
WANTED—Position as governess of not more than two children. M. Hoff, 1328-J.

LOST—Black leather portfolio containing very valuable papers. Return to the law office of Herbert Wallace. Reward.

I have read the entire paper but where is there material for a novel? Oh, inspiration, I know you must come. Therefore, I will continue to sit here at my desk and read these printed pages, even until I am an old, white-headed woman.—E. Rhinevault.



ATHLETICS



ELBERT J. JOHNSON

Lansing, Ann Arbor and Return

H. Wallace

It was about seven-thirty on a brisk October morning when the members of the Arthur Hill football team embarked on what was to prove an eventful journey. Besides the two cars conveying the football team was the "North End Community Ford," namely, that fiery steed of Harold Mertz's.

After an uneventful trip, except for the hopping of Mertz's Ford from one side of the road to the other, we arrived in Lansing ready for the game. That afternoon we played Lansing, beating them fourteen to nothing.

The next morning about nine-thirty we set out for Ann Arbor. Besides having a blow-out while traveling at such a fast rate of speed that we were almost hurled into the ditch alongside the road, no hair-raising events occurred and we arrived in Ann Arbor shortly before the Michigan-Michigan Aggies football game.

Immediately after the game, we all assembled, and started for home with a rush. In fact, it was one rush after another until one of the cars rushed into a bank on which was scattered a few pebbles about three feet in diameter. Not being far from Flint, one of the drivers telephoned an acquaintance there who agreed to come after the frightened members of the once dashing automobile. It was a rather solemn group that sat around the bonfire waiting for an answer from their S. O. S. The members of the other car, thinking there was no need for them to wait, again set out on their journey. The roads were good, the jokes good, and everything was going great until "bang" went another tire. Not having an extra tire, the driver hired another acquaintance to take us back to Saginaw. Just outside of Bridgeport we must have run over a black cat or a couple of horse shoes, for we had another puncture. A little before this it had started to rain, a thing which added to the pleasure of changing the tire. Finally we again set out, and, being rather tired by this time, snores began to issue from the rear seat. The car must have been tired, too, for even the engine wheezed. But luck was against us, for our slumbers were disturbed by the bell of the Court House clock pealing out four mournful notes.

Nevertheless, we were all glad to be home again, and we agreed it was some trip—yes indeed, some trip.



Football

In two ways the past football season at Arthur Hill may be considered the most successful season ever enjoyed by our school. First, in the number of games won. Never has a Hillite team completed a season with so many victories to its credit as the team of '21, ten out of eleven of the state's best teams falling before the onslaught of the warriors of the Yellow and Blue. Second, in the marvelous sportsmanship developed under the inspiration of Coach "Irish" Ramsey. Ramsey developed such a spirit that even a defeat at the end of the season, when the state championship seemed to be within our grasp, never shook it. In fact, the Hills took their misfortune in such a game, sportsmanlike manner that the whole state remarked.

The first victims of the Yellow and Blue were Lapeer and Owosso. Each game developed into a mere practice scrimmage, with Coach Ramsey using almost 40 men each time, and with Arthur Hill on the big end of each score, 46-7 and 64-0, respectively.

A temporary setback by Benton Harbor, 14-7, was soon remedied when the State Interscholastic Athletic Association declared the game forfeited to Arthur Hill because of ineligibility. Incidentally, the Hillites gained almost five times as much ground as the Harborites, but were stopped by perfect passing and well worked trick plays.

Now, with a clean slate, the team settled down and the victories rolled in without interruption, as follows: Bay City Western, 1-0; Lansing, 14-0; Bay City Eastern, 21-0; Battle Creek, 14-6; Traverse City, 34-0; Detroit Central, 35-0, and Port Huron, 6-0.

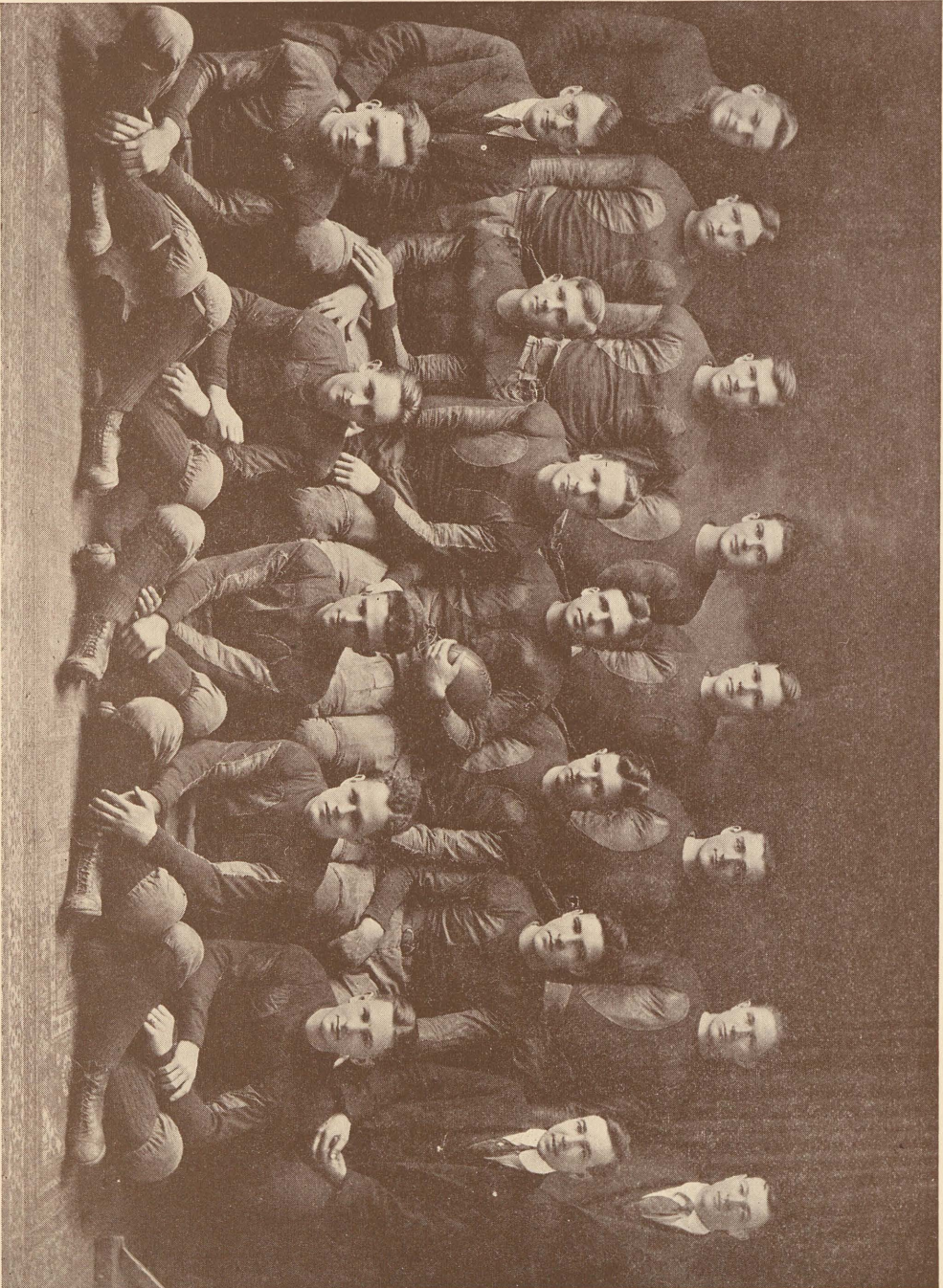
Then came the memorable Turkey Day game in which the Hills allowed Saginaw to get the jump and put over a touchdown and a drop-kick in the first few minutes of play. After that the game developed into a hard, scoreless tussle, with the Hillites fighting harder and harder as the game progressed. But the handicap was too great and Arthur Hill was forced to accept defeat, 10-0.

The line-up for the season was:

Players	Position	Yrs. on Team
M. Hart -----	L. E. -----	1
Gass -----	L. T. -----	1
Hackett -----	L. G. -----	2
Scheib -----	C. -----	3
Hawkins -----	R. G. -----	2
Coash -----	R. T. -----	2
R. Hart -----	R. E. -----	2
Grube (Capt.) -----	Q. B. -----	4
Pearson -----	H. B. -----	2
Friske -----	H. B. -----	3
Cox -----	F. B. -----	3
Schimmers -----	G. -----	1
Wallace -----	E. -----	1
Norton -----	E. -----	1
Needham -----	T. -----	1
Mangutz -----	H. B. -----	1

Of these men, Captain Grube, Hackett, Scheib, Hawkins, Coash, Pearson, Friske, Wallace and Norton will be lost by graduation this year. Ray Hart will captain next year's team.





FOOTBALL TEAM



Football—Second Team

Numeral Men

Arduino Ardussi (Capt.)

Wallace Ardussi
Henry Snyder
Frederick Galarno
Gilbert Smith
Thomas Tallon
Bertram Ross
Robley George
Kenneth Schurr
Charles Murray

Hugh Bloomfield
John Cronk
Dale Bennett
Ralph Boughner
Maurice Perkins
Edwin Vertacnick
John Ferguson
Carl Pohlman
Kent MacGregor

Honorable Mention

Tracy Maynard

Russell Spaulding

Sanford Volker

Two factors at Arthur Hill have encouraged our teams and contributed to our success in athletics this year. One is our fine coaching staff, the other the support of the students through the Athletic Association.

Mr. Rainsay worked consistently to develop ability and a sportsmanlike spirit in the teams, and Mr. Bassett has been a worthy successor. Mr. Dersch's work with the second team football developed much valuable material. Miss Orrell has helped to increase interest in Girls' Athletics.

To Mr. Allen, our business manager, belongs the credit for the excellent financial management of the games, and for the flourishing condition of the Athletic Association.

Baseball

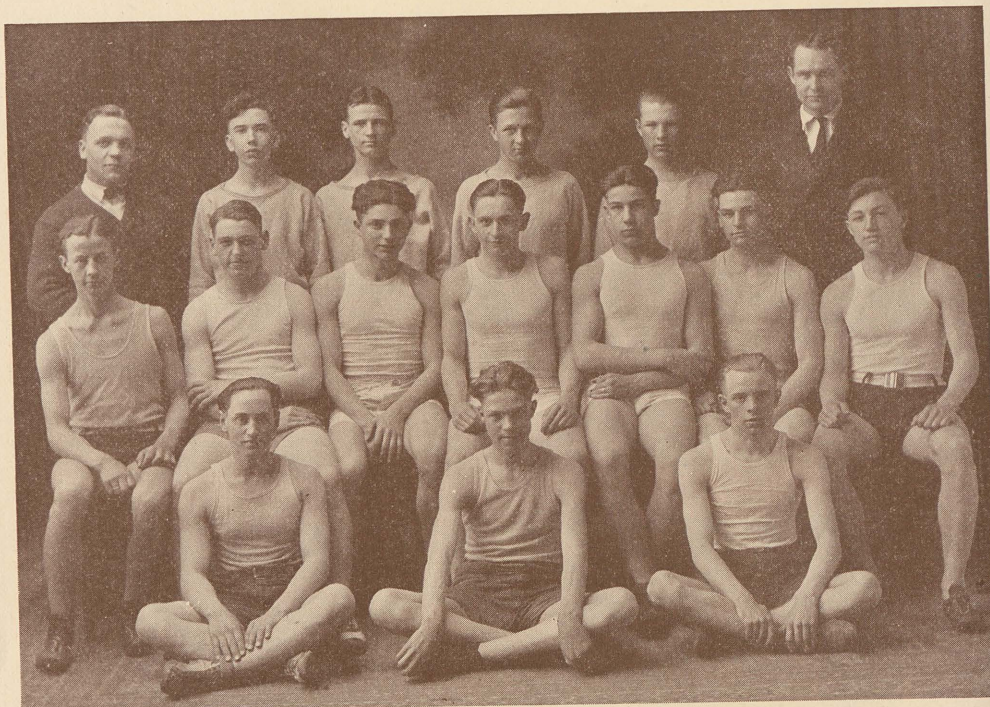
Francis Cherry, rf
Thomas Tallon, ss
James Pearson, 3b (Capt.)
Nicholas Mangutz, c
Joe Friske, 2b
Clifford Curott, lf

George Osterbeck, 1b
Charles Grube, cf
Charles Fredericks, cf
Ralph Boughner, p
Junior Lewis, p
Harold Schimmer, c

Frederick Galarno, Outfielder



"PINKY" Yell Master

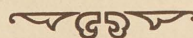


Track Team

Reginald French
 Arthur Grigg
 Wallace Ardussi
 Ross Rutledge
 Jerry Chambers
 Morris Goldstein
 Kenneth Schurr

Bradley Cox
 Kent MacGregor
 Walter Strobel
 Winfried Reichle
 Ray Hart (Capt.)
 Joe Friske
 Harry Hawkins

Harold Schimmers





GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Girls' Basketball

The girl's basketball team of 1922 was certainly the best that has ever been seen at Arthur Hill. Having a longer and heavier schedule than usual, the girls showed their spirit by winning eleven out of fifteen games. This was quite a feat. The season started January 6, and the last game was played March 16.

Arthur Hill 45

Owosso 7

This game was a big surprise. The spectators did not think the girls had the team, but they proved that they did.

Arthur Hill 20

Vassar 16

Playing on a rather poor and strange floor, with practically a green team, the girls were a little awed. They managed to keep ahead of Vassar in the scoring so it was all right.

Arthur Hill 19

Saginaw 31

The same old story, but it was a hard fought game anyway. All of the girls did themselves justice, putting forth their best efforts.

Arthur Hill 27

East Lansing 43

This was one of the roughest games of the season. The girls made a poor beginning in the first half, and then held East Lansing to a tie in the last half, but could not come above it.

Arthur Hill 37

Tawas City 44

Over-confidence in the last half spells this defeat. Arthur Hill had a safe lead at the end of the first half, but were too sure of themselves. Tawas City had a strong come-back and the girls woke up too late to prevent defeat.

Arthur Hill 35

Vassar 15

The girls were back at their old speed and showed Vassar what a real game was like.

Arthur Hill 40

Bay City Western 14

This was quite a remarkable score due to the strangeness of a canvas-covered floor played on for the first time.

Arthur Hill 34

Owosso 16

Another out-of-town game won by the girls taking advantage of all opportunities.

Arthur Hill 16

Saginaw 28

Another game lost to Saginaw, but on their own floor. The score was lower than the first game, and the girls played better. The Saginaw girls were out-played in the second quarter, but they came back strong.

Arthur Hill 36**Chesaning 12**

The last of the four away-from-home games was won from Chesaning. Arthur Hill completely out-played Chesaning.

Arthur Hill 28**East Lansing 13**

The hard efforts of the girls were rewarded many times in winning this game. The game itself was a rough and tumble affair with everyone helping. East Lansing had a great deal harder fight on their hands than they had planned for, but determination won the game.

Arthur Hill 60**Chesaning 14**

Chesaning wilted worse in this game than they did before. It could hardly be called a good practice session as there was practically no opposition.

Arthur Hill 25**Bay City Eastern 11**

Another game on Bay City's canvas-covered floor. This was a mixture of football, baseball, basketball, and track; everyone participating, but Arthur Hill is superior in all athletics.

Arthur Hill 55**Bay City Western 6**

This game was on the order of the last Arthur Hill-Chesaning game. Western tried to play—but couldn't.

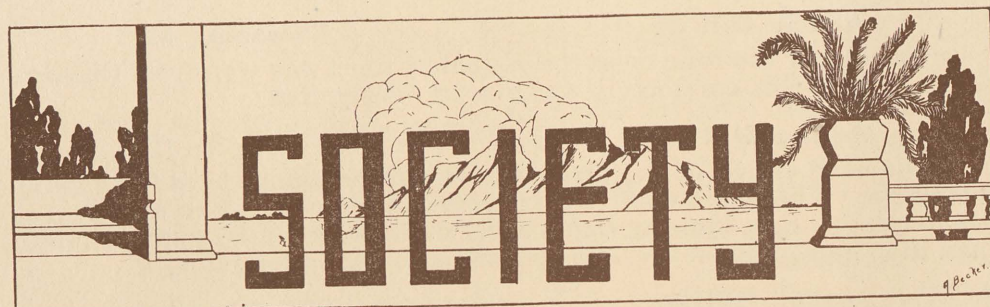
Arthur Hill 18**Bay City Eastern 8**

Another mixture of athletics. This game was played upon the request of Bay City Eastern.

The season was ended with practically all of the team returning for next year. The only girls lost by graduation are Helen Carr; and Grace Carmichael, from the first semester.

Line-up:

Helen Carr (Captain)	Forward
Gladys Streeter	Forward
Vera Way	Forward
Elizabeth La Mott	Jumping Center
Anna Klemach	Jumping Center
Alice Dice	Side Center
Hatty Schimmer	Guard
Grace Carmichael	Guard
Elizabeth Wagner	Guard
Odelia Vanderveer	Guard



Senior Dance

On Saturday evening, February 18, a very enjoyable party was given by the class of '22 at the High School Annex. The hall was artistically decorated in maroon and white, the class colors, and the lighting was unusually effective. Novelties were distributed. As the attendance was not as large as at the other parties, the dancers were able to enjoy it to the fullest extent. The party was highly a social success even though the Seniors did not clear expenses, even the chaperones declaring that they had a good time.

Football Hop

The seventh annual Football Hop was given at the High School Annex under the direction of our football team. The hall was decorated in a decidedly appropriate way, the high school colors being prominently displayed. The music figured prominently in the success of the party and it was with great reluctance on the part of the dancers that the party closed at twelve o'clock.

Junior Hop

One of the pleasantest parties of the year was the Junior Hop, given by the class of '23 at the High School Annex, March 27. Decorations were in the class colors, green and white. A network of streamers and balloons was hung from balcony to balcony. The Amsden-Martuch orchestra furnished the music for dancing from 8:30 until 11 o'clock. Novelties were distributed to add to the gayety during the latter part of the evening.

Sophomore Frolic

The Sophomore Frolic was given in the early part of the second semester. It was held in the Annex, which was tastefully decorated in yellow and red crepe paper.

In the early part of the evening stunts were put on by various members of the class, and later on, there was general dancing and games. Refreshments were served.

The party was for the members of the class only and the faculty, who were their guests.

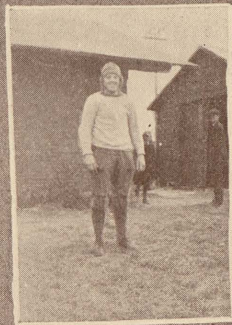
It was a huge success, and one of the most enjoyable social events of the term.

The Freshman Party

The Freshman party, which was held in January, proved to be a great success. It was a party strictly for the members of the class and there was a large turnout for it. The early part of the evening was taken up by several clever stunts, and the latter, by dancing. The hall was prettily decorated in streamers of gold and purple ribbons, the class colors, and on the sides were wicker furniture and floor lamps. The music was furnished by the Sunshine-Rainbow orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis Craig Smith were the official chaperones, while many members of the faculty were our guests.

The party started at eight o'clock, and the stunts, which were put on at that time, proved to be very interesting, clever and original. Next, followed the general dancing in which both pupils and faculty took part and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. At about ten o'clock the ice cream and wafers were served. About this time the upper classmen dropped in and they seemed to enjoy themselves as much as the rest of us. Although there was no admission charged, all the expenses being paid from the class dues, we came out on top financially as well as socially. We hope that we may continue to be as successful in the future as we have been in the past.

MARTHA SMITH, Secretary.



Chris



Ray



Clown



Herb



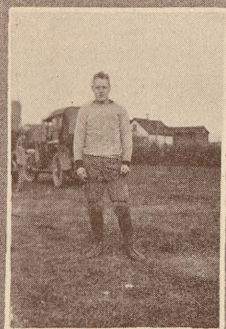
Pinky



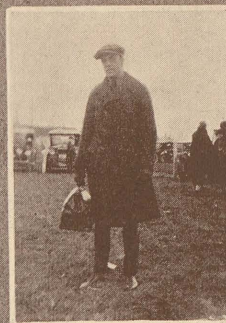
Bunny



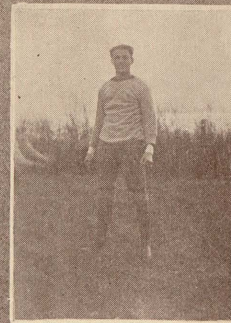
Jim



Curly

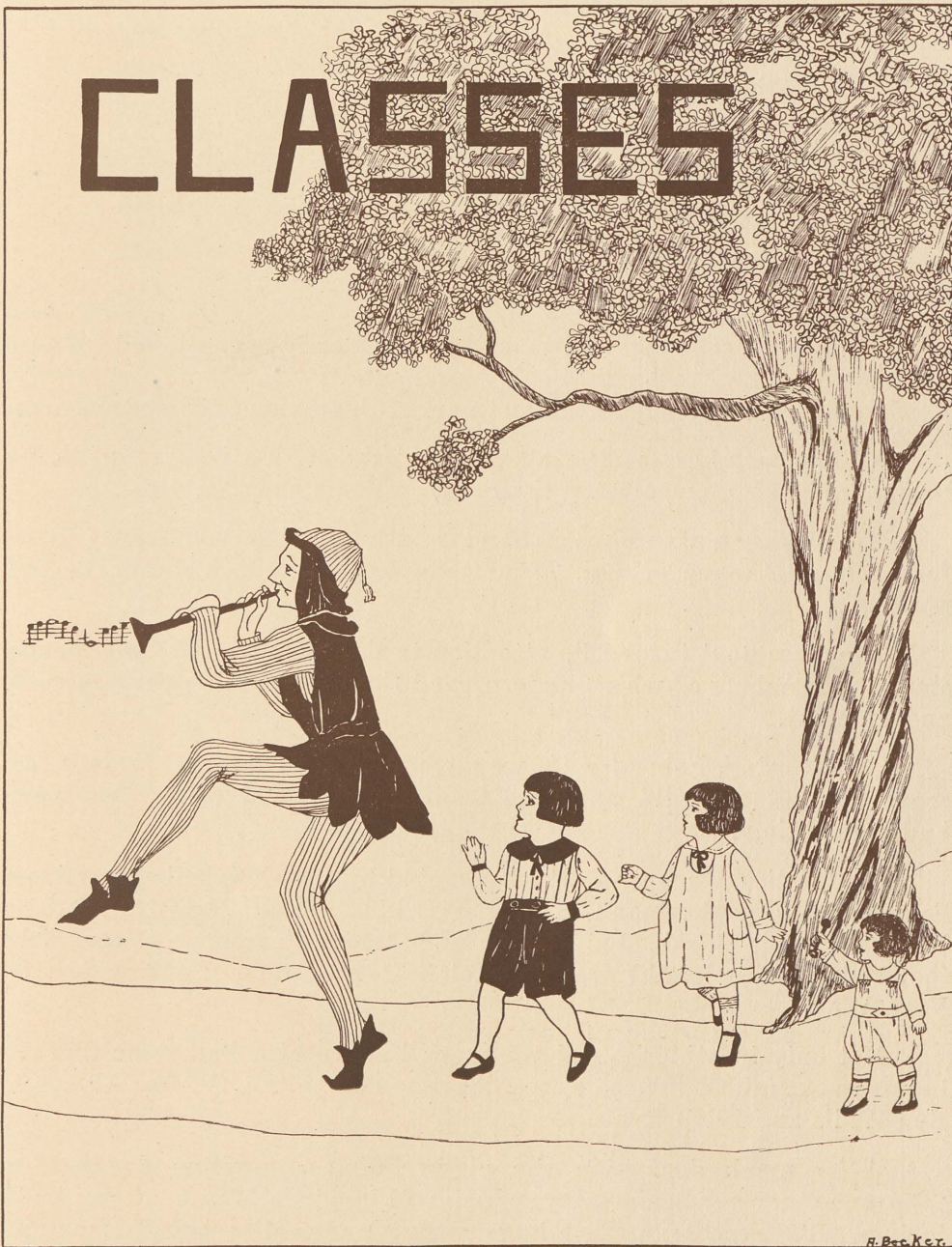


Snorkey



Skibe

CLASSES



Senior Class Notes

Charles Grube -----President
Roy Spiekermann -----Vice President
Edythe Rhinevault -----Secretary
Raymond Scheib -----Treasurer
Miss Dona Boyle -----Class Advisor

The play which the class of twenty-two has for four years been presenting is almost over. Three acts have already been played. These are known as the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years respectively. Now we find ourselves near the last part of this four-act comedy-drama.

All the members of the class took part in this play, and at the beginning of act four, elected their class officers as stage directors.

Miss Morgan was chosen as class advisor, but when her illness forced her to leave school, Miss Dona Boyle succeeded her in this position.

The class next turned its attention to the selecting of the Legenda staff, the members of which have proved themselves to be very capable and efficient.

On Saturday, February 18, we gave our Senior dance. Even if this scene did not get wild applause from the financial critics, everyone had a good time.

In athletics, we were well represented by Charles Grube, Raymond Schieb, Roy Spiekermann, Harry Hawkins, Paul Hackett, Herbert Wallace, Louis Coash, Joe Friske, and James Pearson. These girls, too, did some splendid work: Helen Carr, Grace Carmichael and Vera Way.

Not only in athletics did we excel, but we also had some fine debaters in our midst. These were Albertine Schmidtke, George Alderton, Ben Wells and Ellen Ryan.

After much discussion the play-reading committee decided on "Clarence" for our Senior play, which will be given May 4, at the Auditorium. It is expected to be a huge success under Miss Smith's excellent coaching and we hope to make enough money to leave a memorial of

the class.

When the play is over, we will begin to look forward to the banquet that the Juniors will undoubtedly give us, and we, too, must make plans and begin to count our pennies for the Senior return.

The girls of the class have decided to wear white for graduation. Won't they look "just too sweet for anything?" The boys—oh, well, they'll look all right.

Now, we Seniors must keep right on, and get ready for the big tragedy scene—final "exams." These will be forgotten, however, when we all take our places at Commencement on the Auditorium stage, the evening of the twenty-first of June.

This will be the big ending, for the curtain will go down on the Seniors of twenty-two. As Thackeray says, "Our play is played out."

EDYTHE RHINEVAULT, Secretary.





JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Notes

President----- Henry Snyder
 Vice President----- Avery Dice
 Secretary----- Mildred Reins
 Treasurer----- Riswell Burrows
 Class Advisor ----- Miss Clark

Although the Class of '23 may have seemed to be somewhat inactive last year, we have made up for it this year. We started immediately to show our ability and gave the Junior Play, which proved to be a great success due to Miss Clark's careful management. Then we pulled the big "J" Hop—a party never to be forgotten. Committees are now being selected to decide upon the Junior Banquet. Just wait and see, Seniors.

We have been very well represented in Athletics by Raymond Hart, captain-elect of next year's football squad; also Tuey Currot, our next year's basketball captain; Little Ardussi and Big Ardussi, Junior Lewis, John Cronk, Kenny Schurr, and George Kaiser.

If we don't have a knock-out class of dignified seniors, it won't be because we haven't material.

Here we are—the "wonder" class:

Appleby, Thomas
 Appleby, Esther
 Andre, Marie
 Ahrens, Ella
 Ardussi, Arduino
 Ardussi, Wallace
 Arnold, Dorothea
 Bauer, Nan
 Baumgart, Clarence
 Beeker, Melva
 Bemis, Alpheus
 Bennett, Dale
 Benson, John
 Biles, Belinda
 Bixby, Guy
 Blackstone, Roy
 Blitley, Mabel
 Bloomfield, Hugh
 Bohnhoff, Elmer
 Booth, Hazel
 Bradford, Ruth
 Brigham, Irene
 Brock, Dorothy
 Broederdorf, Edna
 Browne, Dorothy
 Brueck, Charlotte

Budde, Marietta
 Burrows, Roswell
 Campbell, Marguerite
 Cannan, Mildred
 Catlin, Axcy
 Cherry, Francis
 Chynoweth, Myrtice
 Claffin, Howard
 Cale, Victor
 Compton, Hugo
 Cronk, John
 Crozier, Frances
 Curott, Clifford
 Dankert, Donald
 Davis, Erma
 Davies, Mildred
 Day, Vivian
 Deibel, Albert
 Dembinski, William
 Dice, Avery
 Dixon, Earl
 Doering, Harold
 Drensky, Anna
 Duclos, Natalia
 Evans, Gwendolyn
 Eynon, Laverne

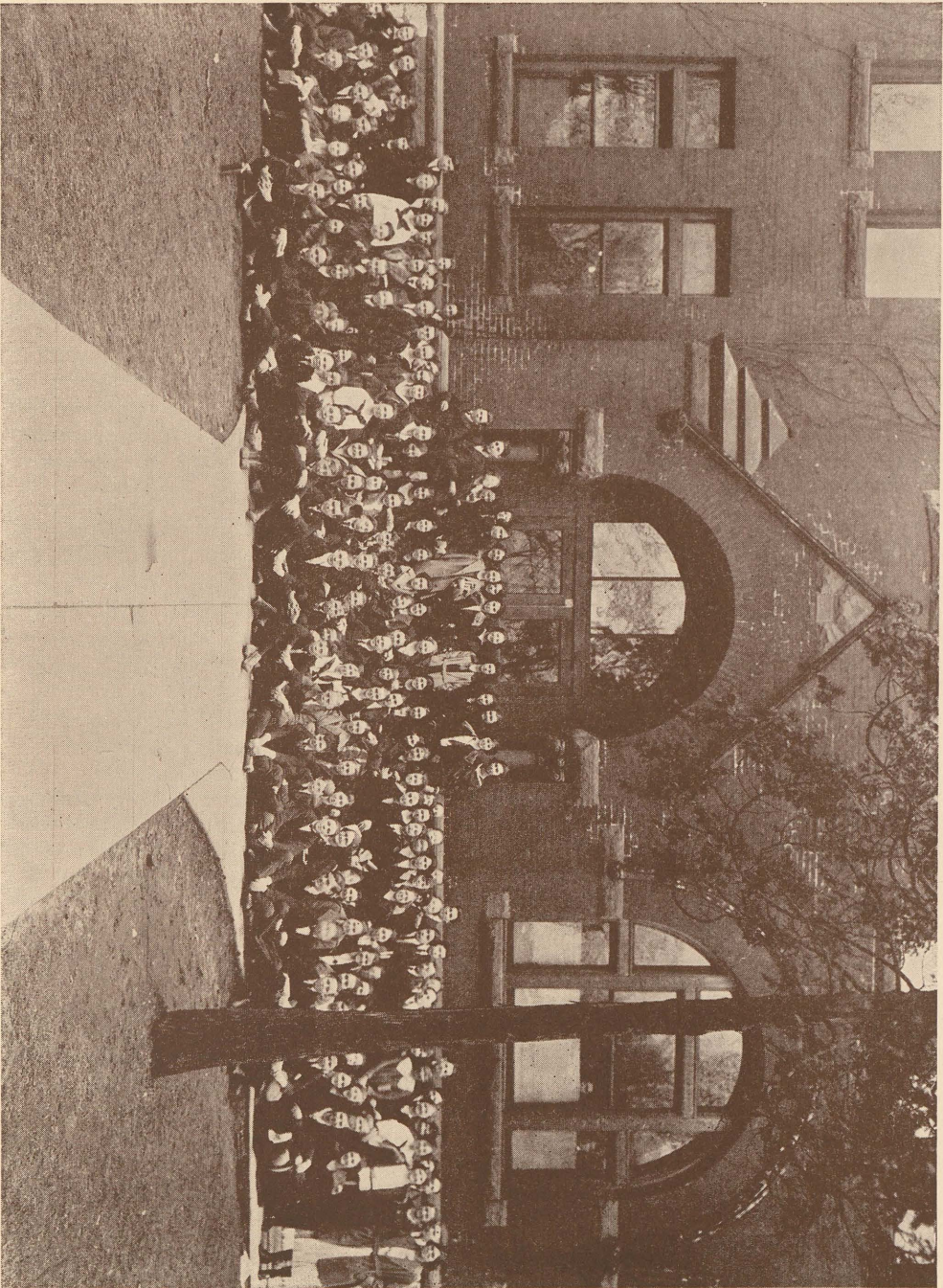
Fisher, Marion
 Ferman, Julia
 Galarno, Frederic
 Goodman, Thelma
 Grams, June
 Granger, Irene
 Griffith, Virginia
 Gulliford, Agnes
 Hall, Beatrice
 Hall, John
 Hamp, Nellie
 Harris, Earl
 Hart, Mary
 Hart, Raymond
 Henderson, Blossom
 Herzog, Clara
 Hudson, Emily
 Huebner, Edwina
 Johnson, Charles
 Karow, George
 Kelly, Lena
 Kessell, Bertram
 Kessell, William
 Koerber, Mildred
 Kostorf, Norman
 La Fluor, Marie

Law, Bertha
 Leek, Clara
 Lehan, James
 Lehr, George
 Lewis, Junior
 Lilliestierna, Carl
 Littledale, Margaret
 Lutzke, James
 Lytle, Marguerite
 Mac Arthur, Bennett
 McCullagh, Leslie
 McFarland, Muriel
 McIntyre, Howard
 McQuade, Thomas
 McQuarrie, Mary
 Martzowka, Marie
 Marti, Roland
 Metcalf, Donald
 Metzger, June
 Mertz, Harold
 Meyer, Helen
 Meyer, Marion
 Moore, Albert
 Moore, Cecile
 Munson, Alberta
 Murray, Charles
 Muerminger, Erma
 Oehring, Amanda
 Olsen, Harold

Orr, Alma
 Oserowsky, Abe
 Paine, Dorothy
 Patterson, Jane
 Pitts, Francis
 Pollard, Christol
 Rankin, LeRoy
 Reins, William
 Reisner, William
 Rice, Edith
 Richards, Helen
 Roby, Wisner
 Roeser, Florence
 Ross, Bertram
 Ryan, Hubert
 Scheib, Gilbert
 Schmidt, Eleanor
 Schmiegel, Joseph
 Schreib, Alberta
 Schurr, Kenneth
 Schury, Viola
 Seagren, Stanley
 Seekell, Nelson
 Seidel, Herbert
 Shaler, Earl
 Shumaker, Cecil
 Sickler, Geraldine
 Simkins, Gertrude
 Simpson, Elizabeth

Smith, Robert
 Snyder, Henry
 Speath, Henry
 Spence, Laura
 Spencer, Harvey
 Sperry, Harriet
 Staffeld, Byron
 Stanton, Jennie
 Stearns, Margaret
 Stielow, Arvilla
 Stone, Agnes
 Struthers, David
 Swift, Morse
 Tanner, Harriet
 Tanner, Martin
 Thomson, Agnes
 Townsend, Herbert
 Trier, Henrietta
 Vondette, Catherine
 Walker, Leland
 Waters, Marion
 Welch, Dolly
 Williams, Orra
 Winchell, Franklin
 Winslow, Everett
 Wirth, Esther
 Wood, Davis
 Ziegler, Helene





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class Notes

President -----Gilbert Smith
Vice President -----Harriet Pitts
Secretary -----Violet Roethke
Treasurer -----Jean Smith
Class Adviser -----Miss Dillon

The Sophomore class was formally organized in the latter part of October. The above officers were elected, and the activities for the school year were mapped out.

The outstanding feature of the year was our party which was given in the early part of March, in the Annex. This was tastefully decorated in yellow and blue. The program of the evening consisted of dancing and several clever stunts, which were put on by various members of the class.

The year was a very successful one, both socially and financially, and one which the members of the class may look back upon with pride and satisfaction.

VIOLET ROETHKE, Secretary.

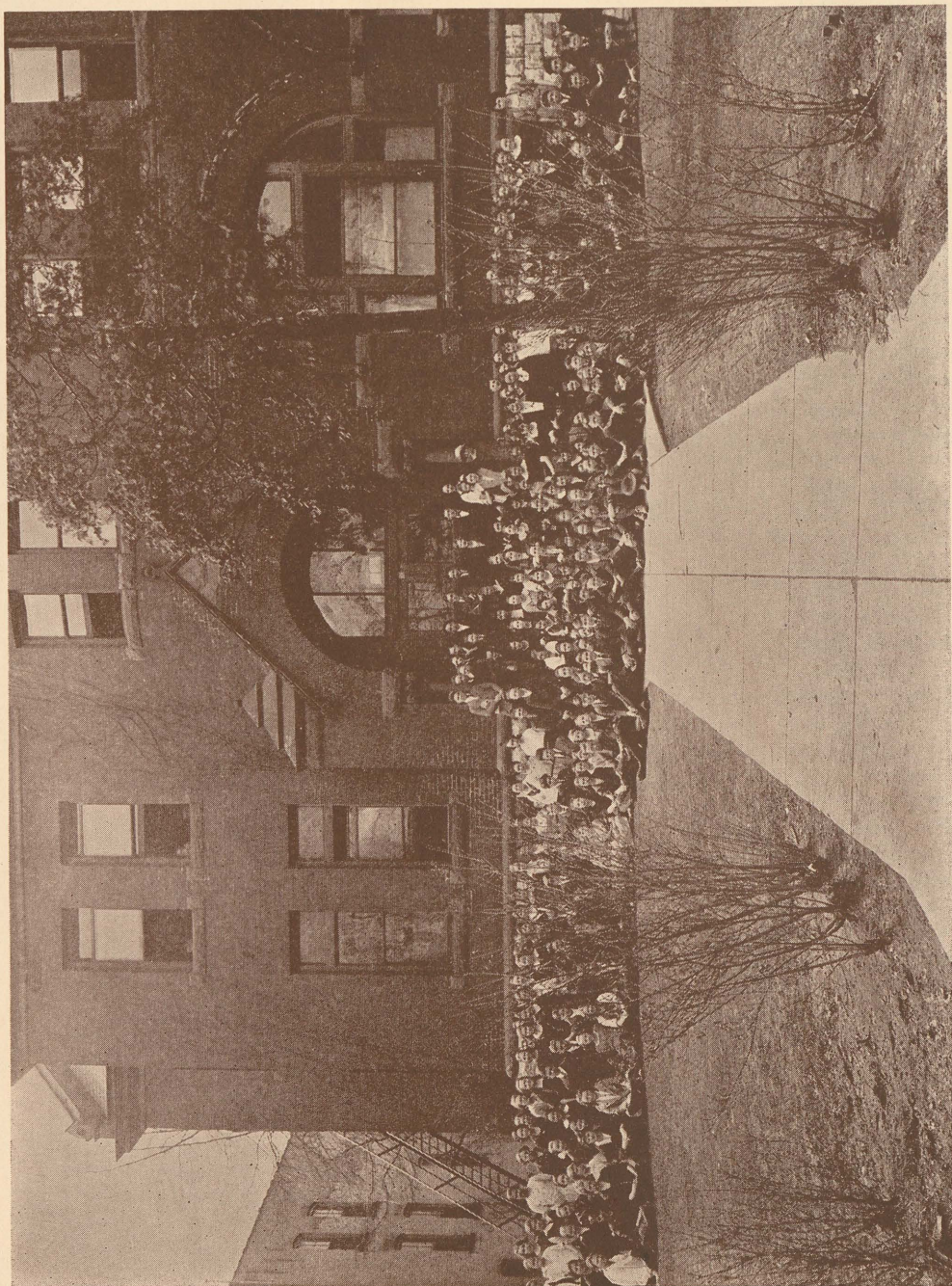
TENTH GRADE

Ahman, Astrid	Brownrigg, Clarence	Elliott, Dorothy
Albright, June	Brown, Lawrence	Enszer, Leona
Alderton, Edna	Brussow, Herman	Enszer, Oswald
Alger, Russell	Buck, Ilah	Fayerweather, Bruce
Anderson, Howard	Carlson, Emelia	Ferguson, John
Arnold, Culbert	Chamberlin, Marshall	Ferman, Catherine
Arold, Frank	Chambers, Jerry	Flynn, Ellen
Baker, George	Clements, Ellen	Forbes, Loren
Barnard, Ruth	Clint, Elton	Francisco, Neta
Bauer, Dorothy	Cooke, Mildred	Frank, Erwin
Benjamin, Mae	Coosard, Marion	French, Reginald
Beyer, Helen	Cornish, Helen	Franke, Hildegard
Blaisdell, Helen	Cox, Bradley	Frost, Russell
Bliss, Frederick	Crane, Keith	Gainsbauer, Ferdinand
Blohm, Caroline	Crane, Kenneth	Gardner, Gladys
Boehringer, LeRoy	Cushman, Jerry	George, Lucile
Boissonneault, Esther	Davis, Geraldine	Glaize, Virginia
Boughner, Ralph	Deibel, Bernice	Goldstein, Morris
Breton, Philip	Dice, Alice	Goodrow, Ray
Brewer, Eleanor	Dietz, Frances	Gragg, John
Breternitz, Florence	Doran, Alberta (left)	Grigg, Arthur
Brogan, Edwina	Duff, Lois	Grigg, Harriet

Gunther, Melvin
Hagen, Beatrice
Hall, Hilmer
Handy, Beulah
Hahn, Mabel
Hard, Jerome
Hawley, Thresia
Hegler, Esther
Heidger, Sylvia
Heine, Albert
Hill, Letha
Hinkley, Mary
Hollies, Helen
Hudson, Ernest
Ingram, Jessie
Izzo, John
Jack, Alex
Jackson, Wendell
Jeffrey, Ruth
Johnson, Ebba
Johnson, Russell
Joyce, Thelma
Kaiser, George
Kaltenback, Helen
Kapitan, Esther
Kellett, Sarah
Kennedy, Emmeline
Kerkhoff, Jane
Kersten, Vera
Khuen, Jane
Kiebusch, William
King, Nea
Klemach, Anna
Koski, Theodore
Kretchman, Albert
Kreuchauf, Lena
Kreuger, Helen
Kundinger, Mathias
LaMott, Elizabeth
Lange, Harold
Lange, Louise
Lauer, George
Laundra, Cecil
Leaman, Alma
Lehan, Harold
Lewis, Phoebe
Light, Pitt
Little, Mildred
Littlejohn, Wilmer
Losee, Pearl

Lynn, Robert
MacGregor, Kent
MacIntosh, Roderick
MacKinnon, Edwin
McDermid, Jean
McDonagh, Hewett
McGovern, Irving
McNabb, Eileen
Mangutz, Nicholas
Mannion, Norris
Marks, Mildred
Maturen, Clarence
Martzowka, Walter
Maynard, Tracy
Menter, Hazel
Method, Eileen
Meyer, Rowland
Meyers, Catherine
Muehlenbeck, Helen
Nettleton, Eva
Neubauer, Nettie
Orr, Lois
Osborn, Orrin
Osterbeck, George
Owens, Gwendolyn
Philippe, Irene
Pierce, Bertha
Pitts, Harriet
Pitts, Phyllis
Plank, Myrtle
Plettenberg, Ruth
Pratt, Theodore
Pruyne, Ruberta
Punches, Clara
Putnam, Emily
Reese, Patricia
Reichle, Winifried
Reitler, Carl
Rice, Edwin
Rice, Irene
Richards, Gladys
Rundhage, Frank
Roberts, Lillian
Robertson, Elinor
Robinson, Melvin
Roethke, Violet
Roethke, William
Roeser, Jane
Scharf, William
Schimmer, Hatty

Schreib, Nathon
Schroeder, Sidney
Schwinck, Violet
Seiferlein, Milton
Shaler, Arla
Short, Alice
Slevah, Emil
Smith, Gilbert
Smith, Jean Craig
Smith, June
Smith, Trafton
Speckhard, Herman
Spencer, Winifred
Stack, Margaret
Stock, Mildred
Streeter, Gladys
Staffeld, Morris
Stolze, Rudolph
Strimbeck, Helen
Stroebel, Walter
Stuart, Clifton
Sulcer, Goldie
Swackhamer, Mildred
Swarthout, Elizabeth
Tefft, Robert
Telmos, Joseph
Theobald, Marion
Tinnette, Margaret
Tullis, Irene
Ulrich, Marion
Vail, Evelyn
Vanderveer, Odelia
VanWormer, Ruth
Vernon, Alice
Wade, Charles
Wagenhals, William
Walker, Janice
West, Margaret
Westwood, Dora
Whyte, Russell
Wichman, Edna
Wiese, Fred
Wilkes, Clara
Williams, Thomas
Willis, Helen
Wiltse, Wellington
Winterstein, Marguerite
Wirth, Julius
Youmans, Wallace
Zorn, Leonard



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Notes

President ----- Carl Smiley
 Vice President ----- Eleanor Johnson
 Treasurer ----- Roland Waite
 Secretary ----- Martha Smith
 Class Advisor ----- Miss Lesh
 Class Colors ----- Purple and Gold

The class of '25 started out with about two hundred members, and at the first meeting in charge of Mr. Haggard, officers were chosen, colors decided upon and a class advisor secured. The other meetings were on the same principle as the first. The party and dues had to be discussed. The freshmen have been well represented in all school activities. Our treasurer, William Roethke, became a Sophomore at the beginning of the second semester and Roland Waite was appointed to this office by the president. We think we have made a fine beginning but we certainly hope to improve as we go on.

HELEN WRIGHT.

Alderton, Edward	Brown, Sidney	Dixon, Marion
Alderdyce, Marion	Brown, Katherine	Doerfner, John
Alsgard, Dorthea	Brimer, Louise	Dodge, Evelyn
Andre, Howard	Byron, Bessie	Doering, Irene
Allore, Christabel	Byron, Jeanette	Douglas, Lena
Arold, Frank	Case, William	Douglas, Lynn
Arold, Marie	Collier, Clarince	Dollhoff, Ruth
Arlow, Edgar	Conn, Bruce	Dupee, David
Atwell, Willis	Cook, Robert	Dyer, Genevieve
Baade, Alta	Cooke, Elizabeth	Eastman, Blanche
Baade, Marion	Copeland, Margaret	Ewald, Carl
Baldouf, Harold	Crane, Marion	Failing, Kendrick
Barnett, Cecil	Cripps, Clifford	Falk, Geraldine
Barr, Margaret	Curts, Marion	Ferguson, John
Baumgart, Beatrice	Dankert, Dorothy	Feige, Margaret
Baumgartner, Robert	Davis, Albert	Finger, Gladys
Balger, Amelia	Davies, Beryl	Finger, Margaret
Bellinger, Bernice	Davison, Catherine	Fisher, Mildred
Benjamin, Howard	Dermitt, Elizabeth	Fisher, Gerald
Bernecker, Marie	Dezelsky, Margaret	Flynn, Ellen
Biles, Edward	Dingler, Mayme	Fordney, Ruth
Blower, Ruby	Dittmar, Louis	Fox, Elizabeth

Frank, Molly
 Francisco, Neta
 Fraser, Lee
 French, Robert
 Frost, Iva
 Fry, Evelyn
 Gardner, Margaret
 Gardner, Mildred
 Gass, Jake
 Gauthard, Jane
 Gauthert, Emil
 Goslin, Cecil
 Gensiver, Junior
 Giles, George
 Glaize, Helen
 Gladwin, Robert
 Grams, Katherine
 Greene, Foster
 Gregg, Walter
 Hahn, Edward
 Hadden, Clarence
 Haines, Harold
 Hagen, Grace
 Howley, Ilah
 Hart, Mylo
 Hinds, Alice
 Hoffman, Ruby
 Holloway, Harriet
 Houvner, Henry
 Huff, Eugene
 Hurst, Goldie
 Hudson, Thelma
 Ingram, Roberta
 Irwin, Katherine
 Izzo, Dan
 Jacobi, Emil
 Jacques, Harvey
 Johnson, Eleanor
 Jennings, Marjorie
 Johnson, Ebba
 Jones, Russel
 Johnston, Edyth
 Kaiser, Chester
 Karow, Elmer
 Kelier, William
 Kenninj, Mabel
 Kessel, Zylpha
 Kessel, Jane

Knott, Johathan
 King, Wilma
 Kreiman, Elizabeth
 Kohlschmidt, Lester
 Kolberg, Augusta
 Lange, Harold
 Langdva, George
 Lauer, Hazel
 Laukner, Conrad
 Light, Russel
 Livingston, Jack
 Lyslow, Raymond
 Lynn, Margaret
 MacGregor, Delbert
 McMillan, Jule
 McCloskey, Margaret
 McCray, Stanley
 McDonough, Marion
 McKellar, Alvin
 McClean, Gertrude
 McClean, Roy
 McKnobb, Eilun
 McQuade, Russel
 Mahar, Thomas
 Marks, Marion
 Major, James
 Mayville, Earl
 Maquet, Ella
 Menter, Hazel
 Miller, Evelyn
 Miller, Norman
 Miller, Stanley
 Miller, Edward
 Minnis, Edna
 Mott, Florence
 Morningstar, Gladys
 Muicterlin, Gladys
 Myer, Roland
 Nagel, Harold
 Naismyth, Edna
 Needham, Dorothy
 Needham, Mary
 Nelson, Helen
 Noble, James
 Nuerminger, Katherine
 Oschenkhl, Harriet
 Ohland, Martha
 Osterbeck, Augusta

Otto, Gilbert
 Pankonim, Marie
 Parker, Edgar
 Patterson, Sarah
 Philion, Anna
 Pohlman, Anna
 Powers, Eugenea
 Prevno, Leo
 Purmort, Billie
 Putnam, Louise
 Rankin, Grace
 Raymond, Edmund
 Reese, Vivian
 Reemis, Russel
 Remer, Ruth
 Ressique, Mary
 Rice, Delbert
 Richter, Caroline
 Richter, Henry
 Ridgeway, Cathleen
 Ridgeway, Genevieve
 Ripplurger, Thomas
 Robinson, Arthur
 Rockwood, Bates
 Roethke, Theadore
 Rooker, Arthur
 Roush, Sherman
 Rorve, Frank
 Ruble, Inez
 Russel, Warren
 Ryan, Paul
 Sautter, Mary
 Sharper, William
 Scharf, Max
 Schimmer, Harold
 Schnedehette, Georgianna
 Schmidt, Dorothea
 Schecknect, Marion
 Schultz, Harold
 Schultz, Lester
 Schultz, Una
 Schurr, Madeline
 Scott, Anita
 Sedgeman, Wm.
 Shackelford, Dean
 Shay, Beatrice
 Shay, Eleanor
 Sheward, Margaret

Simmons, Orpha
Smiley, Carl
Smith, Ada
Smith, Audley
Smith, Fay
Smith, Gladys
Smith, Katherine
Smyth, Lyle
Smith, Martha
Snow, Mary
Somsmith, Marion
Spaulding, Russel
Spenser, Lloyd
Spenner, Verla
Spindler, Theadora
Stearns, Ruth
Steele, Harriet
Steele, Jack
St John, Leroy
Stork, Dorothy

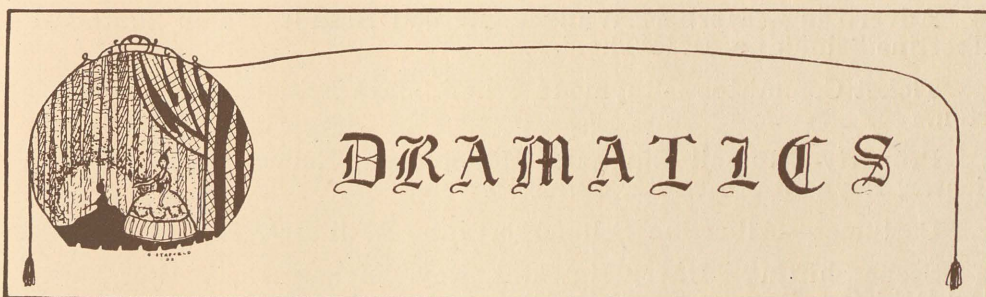
Storms, Christina
Strasburg, Phyllis
Struthers, Janet
Stroebel, Arthur
Strutz, Mildred
Tallon, Thomas
Thomson, Lucille
Tigner, Della
Tuck, Gladys
Ubrey, Keith
Uphoff, Earl
Vernon, Gladys
Vibert, Donald
Volker, Samford
Vollmer, Harold
Voyer, Vista
Wagner, Elizabeth
Wagner, Irene
Waite, Roland
Wallace, Marion

Ware, Russel
Wheeler, Lymas
Wiegand, Louis
Wiegand, Marie
Williams, Myrtle
Wiltse, Alice
Wiltse, Edwina
Wiltse, Lillian
Winegarden, Leona
Wing, Helen
Winkler, Helen
Winters, Myrtle
Woling, Leonard
Wood, Betty
Wright, Helen
Yahn, Margaret
Zander, Bertram
Zander, Harold
Zander, Norman
Zeiroff, William





CAST OF "CLARENCE"



"Clarence"

This year the senior class presented Booth Tarkington's Comedy, "Clarence," for its annual play, Thursday evening, May 4, at the Auditorium. It was a great success both financially and artistically.

Clarence, played by Charles Grube, gave many humorous touches to the play when he referred to his life in the army or his liver trouble. Emelyn Ewing as Cora Wheeler, a wilful girl of seventeen, kept the audience in continual laughter by her pranks. Her governess, Miss Pinney, was cleverly acted by Edith Rhinevault, who well deserved the admiration of her many suitors. Andrew Struthers who played the part of Bobby Wheeler, a college boy, caused his father, Joe Friske, the tired business man, much worry by his scrapes. Sadie Doerfner as Mrs. Wheeler, made a charming step-mother, and the Irish maid, Della, played by Eleanor Johnson, also lent humor by her devotion to Clarence. Louis Coash deserves ample credit as the haughty butler, and Donald McLandress acted well his part as the grass widower and one of Miss Pinney's suitors.

The play was exceptionally well acted and each character filled the assigned part with such aptitude as to make a harmonious whole. It was produced under the able direction of Miss Smith, with Miss Miller in charge of costuming and Miss Dona Boyle of committees. Dancing was enjoyed after the play.

The committees for the play worked very faithfully, and were as follows:

Play Committee—Edyth Rhinevault, Joe Friske, Raymond Scheib, Emma Duclos, Ben Wells.

Advertising—Herbert Wallace, Russell Brandt, Helen Southgate, Albertine Schmidke, Dale Thomas.

Ticket Committee—Raymond Scheib, Sara Pritchard, George Alderton.

Property—Russell Bingham, Helen Carr, Emma Duclos, Walter Richter, Reynold Anschutz, Julius Powers.

Costumes—Albertine Schmidke, Jane Williams, Morris Stewart.

Scene Shifting—Harry Hawkins, Roy Spiekerman, Walter Lauer, Carl Pohlman, Raymond Scheib.

The Joke

Cast

Antonio	-----	Abe Oserowsky
Louis	-----	Charles Murray
Carmen	-----	Gladys Streeter
Adela	-----	Pearl Hansen

Senor Antonio and Senor Agular planned (between themselves) that their children, Carmen and Louis, should marry. Carmen and Louis have never seen or known anything about each other. Antonio, Carmen's father, informs her that a new secretary is coming and Carmen, suspecting her father's plan, changes places with Adela, the maid. Louis, and Carmen, disguised as Adela, enter into a conversation and in this way, each finds out a great deal about the other, thus their father's plans were fulfilled.

La Primera Disputa

(The First Dispute)

Cast

Isabel	-----	Jessie Turner
Edwards	-----	Howard Claflin
Tia Manuela	-----	Eleanor Brewer

When the curtain rises Isabel and Edwards, a newly married couple, are having their first dispute. Tia Manuela then appears on the scene and takes for granted that the new couple is very happy. There is no way out for them except to agree. When Tia leaves, after promising to return the next day, Edwards announces that she has saved them from a very disastrous first quarrel.



JUNIOR PLAY CAST

Junior Play

The Junior Play, "The Elopement of Ellen" was presented at the Wolverine Theater, Friday evening, February 10, under the splendid coaching of Miss Clarke, Miss Smith and Miss Miller.

Anna Drensky, as the maid, was especially attractive, and John Cronk as the athletic hero, caused many a feminine heart to flutter.

The difficult role of the minister was especially well presented by Wallace Ardussi. Myron Cox and Natalie Duclos interpreted the tangled love affair to perfection.

Marie LaFleur, the young bride, gave her acting just the right shade of dignity, and Avery Dice, in the role of her husband was splendid, although he had only twelve hours in which to learn his part, owing to the illness of Henry Snyder.

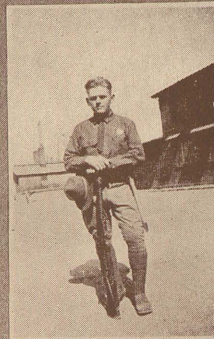
A large number attended the dance at the High School Annex, following the play.



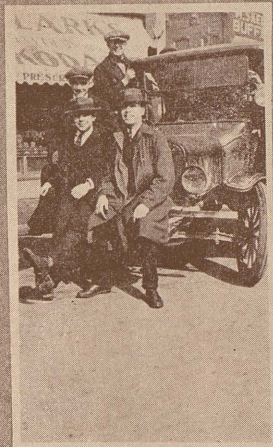
Curley (Which?)



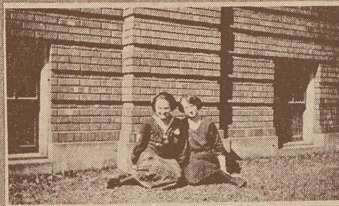
Boys Around The Bend



Richard



Everybody's Happy



VERA AND HELEN



READY TO START



More of Them



IRMA



STUB



Jolly



LOOK



Look Out!





CRITERION STAFF

The Criterion

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The Criterion of this year exemplifies this truth, for it has made a radical change in the form of the school paper. In previous years, it has been a successful magazine, but as the school felt the need of a publication containing the latest news, a change of form was decided upon.

The Criterion is now issued bi-weekly. Practically every student in school is vitally interested in some phase of the activities reported in the paper and is eagerly awaiting each issue.

The paper is especially well balanced. athletics. editorials, sketches, jingles, school news, alumni news, jokes and exchange departments are well and interestingly represented.

Exchanges range from Rhode Island and New York in the east to Florida and Texas in the south, to Kansas and Iowa in the west, and our paper compares favorably with them all.

It has been the policy of the paper to interest each student from Freshman to Senior, and to that end, contributions from each class have been accepted.

Our students have responded loyally, not only with "copy" but also with subscriptions and it has been due to this splendid support that the Criterion owes its success.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	-----	Edythe Rhinevault, '22
Ass't Editor	-----	Marion Meyer, '23
Ass't Editor	-----	Ada Giles, '22
Business Manager	-----	Joe Friske, '22

Ass't Business Manager	James Pearson, '22
Joke Editor	Henry Snyder, '23
Exchange Editor	Dorothy Browne, '23
Organization Editor	June Albright, '24
Alumni Editor	Donald McLandress, '22
Girls' Athletic Reporter	Helen Carr, '22
Boys' Athletic Reporter	Andrew Struthers, '22
Special Reporter	Edwin Vertacnick, '22
Art Editor	Bertram Kessel, '23
Faculty Advisors	{ Miss Kilbourne Miss Lesh
Auditor	W. W. Haggard

The Letter Club

On Wednesday, February 8, 1922, the members of the nineteen twenty-one football squad met and formed an organization to be known as the Letter Club of Arthur Hill High School.

The objects of this organization are to promote better fellowship and better sportsmanship among the athletes, and to raise the standard of athletics in Arthur Hill.

The following signed the constitution which was drawn up, making them charter members:

Louis Coash
Myron Cox
Joe Friskie
Charles Grube
Paul Hackett
Raymond Hart

Harry Hawkins
Nick Mangutz
Russell Norton
James Pearson
Raymond Scheib
Harold Schimmer

Herbert Wallace

Application cards have been printed and a campaign is being put on to obtain members. Any male student of Arthur Hill who has earned one or more first team monograms in either football, basketball, baseball or track is entitled to active membership in this organization. Also, any alumnus who has earned one or more monograms is entitled to an associate membership.

The first team coach, Mr. Bassett, is an active member, and Mr. Haggard, Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Allen are honorary members.

Although the only thing done by the Letter Club, up to the time of this writing, has been to arrange a series of inter-class basketball games, it expects to do other things before the school term ends. At present, it is merely getting a firm foundation with which to carry on what will be a very good work in the future.

The officers for the 1921-1922 school term are as follows:

President	Harry Hawkins
Vice President	Charles Grube
Secretary	Herbert Wallace
Treasurer	Raymond Scheib



FRENCH CLUB

Le Cercle Francais

The French students started out this year right by originating a club to make their study of French more interesting.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President	-----	Walter Strobel
Vice President	-----	Esther Walker
Secretary	-----	Phyllis Pitts
Treasurer	-----	Carl Lilliestierna

Several meetings were held but on account of the illness of their advisor, Miss Keating, many plans were given up.

Although "Le Cercle Francais" is yet young in school activities, it promises to be one of the outstanding clubs of Arthur Hill.

PHYLLIS PITTS, Secretary.



The Girls' Club

The Girls' Club was reorganized for this school year during the second week of September. A committee meeting was called to nominate the officers, and the next week the girls gathered at the Annex after assembly and elected the following:

President	-----Eleanor Johnson
Vice President	-----Helen Carr
Secretary	-----Ada Giles
Treasurer	-----Sarah Pritchard

The girls gave their first party on Friday, October twenty-sixth. A short business meeting was held at which the honor system was discontinued. It was also decided that the ten girls (from any class) who had taken the most active part in the club should be awarded club pins. Stunts and games furnished amusement until the refreshments were served, and then the rest of the evening was spent in dancing. The attendance at this party was a record-breaker for the club—the Annex was crowded and over three hundred girls had a fine time.

The next time the girls came together was in December for a Christmas party. Means were discussed for giving some one in need a happy Christmas and it was finally decided that every girl should donate something toward a Christmas basket. This plan met with enthusiastic approval and four large baskets filled with eats and toys were given away. The faculty as well as the students put on some amusing stunts and novel refreshments—candy in red and green stockings were distributed.

A Costume party was held at the Annex on Saturday evening, March eighteenth. Almost three hundred girls attended this party and about every kind of costume the mind could conceive was exhibited. Prizes were awarded for the prettiest and funniest costume and after an excellent program, dancing was enjoyed. A Spring party is being planned which is bound to be as big a success as the past ones.

Because there was no large session room where the girls could meet for business, all practical affairs had to be transacted at the parties. Despite this difficulty the Girls' Club has been a wonderful success this year. The girls have seemed to pull together on the same footing, the freshmen have become acquainted more readily than usually happens, and the club has furnished forms of interesting amusement that cannot be equalled anywhere else. Eleanor Johnson, president for the second time, deserves much merit for this success. She has worked hard and faithfully all year, and it has meant more responsibility than most of us realize to plan and materialize four or five big parties. Every girl in high school will remember her and the club which has given each one so many good times during the year '22.

ADA GILES, Secretary.



SPANISH CLUB

Spanish Club

Although the Spanish Club is by no means a new organization in Arthur Hill, the year of 1921-22 proclaimed that the Spanish Club was going to flourish and that the student body was going to accept this club as one of the most prosperous of the foreign language clubs in the high school.

At the first meeting, held September 25th, the following officers were elected for first semester:

President	-----	Pearl Hansen
Secretary	-----	Daisy Hollies
Treasurer	-----	Howard Claflin

Refreshment and entertainment committees were elected as follows:

Refreshment Committee: Hellen Hollies, chairman; Tessie Turner, Ray Goodrow.

Entertainment Committee: Gladys Streeter, chairman; Culbert Arnold, Hubert Ryan.

With this body of competent officials the Spanish Club was able to live up to the student body's expectations.

November 12, 1921, the Spanish Club members served a typical Spanish supper to about fifty people with general dancing afterwards.

The "Guest Supper," held January 12, 1922, was the largest, most successful activity of the first semester. This meeting ended the first semester activities, and all the members feel confident that the club has accomplished its purpose of "introducing, to others, customs, manners and ideas which are typically Spanish."

At a special meeting held February 7, 1922, the following officers were elected for second semester.

President	-----	Pearl Hansen
Vice President	-----	Carl Pohlman
Secretary	-----	Helen Hollies
Treasurer	-----	Robert Haines

Chairman of Entertainment Committee: Daisy Hollies.

Chairman of Refreshment Committee: Jessie Turner.

The committees appointed by the chairmen are:

Entertainment Committee: Eleanor Brewer, Bradley Cox.
Refreshment Committee: Gladys Streeter, Helen Hollies.

The Spanish Club decided at their Valentine party, which was held in February, to give a play which will take place in May. The committee appointed to select the play is the following:

Carl Pohlman, chairman; Jessie Turner, Eleanor Brewer.

The success of the Spanish Club during 1921-22 was partly due to the club advisors, Miss Abele and Miss Brown, whose main effort was to make the club a huge success.

The Club members are:

Wallace Ardussi	Nita Francisco	Helen Richards
Culbert Arnold	Ray Goodrow	Hubert Ryan
Nan Bauer	Charles Grube	Raymond Scheib
Ray Blackstone	Robert Haines	Kenneth Schurr
Ruth Bradford	Pearl Hansen	Trafton Smith
Eleanor Brewer	Daisy Hollies	Leonard Speath
Dorothy Brown	Helen Hollies	Gladys Streeter
Howard Clafin	Marie Kennedy	Marian Theobald
Bradley Cox	Mildred Kilborn	Jessie Turner
Vera Cox	George Heahr	William Wagenhals
Laverne Eynon	Abe Oserowsky	Margaret Winterstein
Bruce Faerweather	Carl Pohlman	



ALICE FREEMAN PALMER CLUB

Alice Freeman Palmer Club

The Alice Freeman Palmer Literary Club was organized October 3, 1921.

Mr. Haggard, the originator of the Club, gave us a short talk and also introduced our faculty advisors, Miss Dona Boyle and Miss Woodman.

At our second meeting we chose officers for the first semester. They were: President, Esther Walker; vice president, Jean McDermid; secretary, Helen Carr; treasurer, Genevieve Brandt.

Our Club progressed rapidly under the leadership of these officers. The meetings are held every two weeks and their purpose is to promote literary interest and provide social enjoyment. Two and a half hours of credit are given, providing that members are not absent from more than two meetings and take part in at least one program. During the first semester a pot luck supper was held.

On January 30, 1922 the officers for the second semester were chosen. They are: President, Josephine Rutledge; vice president, Genevieve Brandt; secretary, Helen Moore; treasurer, Margaret Stearns.

So far this semester we have had one party which proved to be a success, also a very profitable sandwich sale, and are planning for a picnic later in the year. We have also chosen our Club colors which are rose and gray.

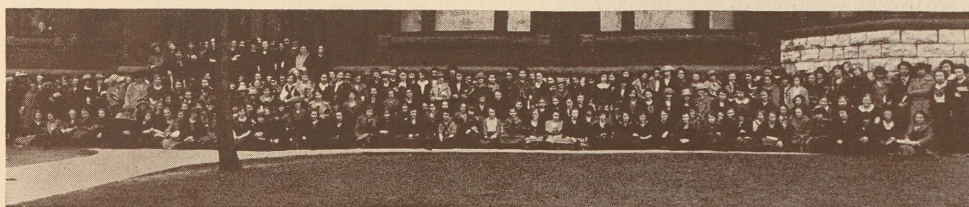
Our members:

Marie Bernecker
Genevieve Brandt
Edith Christie
Ellen Clements
Nellie Hamp
Esther Hegler
Ruby Hoffman
Daisy Hollies
Helen Hollies
Edyth Johnston
Thelma Joyce
Francis Lauer
Hazel Lauer

Bertha Law
Myrtle Lincoln
Jean McDermid
Helen Moore
Helen Newman
Amanda Oehring
Augusta Osterbeck
Gwendolyn Owens
Grace Rankin
Josephine Rutledge
Dorothea Schmidt
Alberta Schreib

Una Schultz
Kathryn Smith
Fay Spencer
Margaret Stearns
Thelma Stearns
Harriet Steele
Mildred Strutz
Agnes Thomson
Irene Tullis
Jessie Turner
Esther Walker
Margaret West

HELEN MOORE, Secretary.





BOYS' HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Arthur Hill Student House of Representatives

The Arthur Hill House of Representatives was organized October 10, 1921. Mr. Needles was elected speaker; Alfred Reid clerk, and Julius Powers, assistant clerk. Mr. Haggard acted as faculty advisor. The Student House aims to encourage interest in debating and speaking.

The organization started with thirty-one members and before the end of the first semester the books registered seventy-seven members. March 20, the organization held the following fifty-five active members.

George Alderton	Charles Johnson	Burton Ross
Culvert Arnold	George Lehr	Leonard Speath
Clarence Baumgart	Wilmer Littlejohn	Andrew Struthers
Leroy Boehringer	Carl Lilliesternia	Harvey Spencer
Victor Cole	Bob Lynn	Stanley Staffeld
Kenneth Crane	Thomas Maher	Morris Stewart
Keith Crane	Edwin Meyers	Fay Smith
Louis Coash	Don Metcalf	Henry Snyder
William Dembinski	Nicholas Mangutz	Stanley Seagren
Laverne Eynon	George Needham	Dale Thomas
Charles Frederick	Abe Oserowsky	Herbert Townsend
Ray Goodrow	Julius Powers	Edward Vertacnick
Charles Grube	Hubert Ryan	Everett Winslow
Harry Hawkins	Lawrence Raymond	Ben Wells
Robert Haines	Wallace Yoemans	Edward Wilde
Earl Harris		

It was decided by Mr. Haggard that two and one-half credits would be given to each member who had a good attendance and also the required twelve minutes of prepared debate delivered before the House.

At the second election, which was held, Harry Hawkins was elected speaker; Julius Powers, clerk; William Dembinski, assistant clerk; Ben Wells, censor, and Louis Coash, sergeant at arms. The new officers have carried out their duties very well at the past meetings.

Some of the bills which were brought before the house are as follows:

Be it enacted that the U. S. Government accept Henry Ford's Muscle Shoals offer.

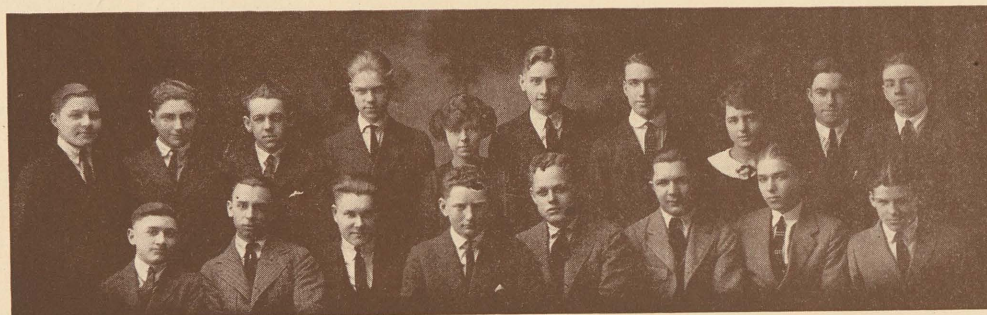
Be it enacted that the strike be declared illegal and that some means, such as the Kansas plan for settling individual disputes be provided.

Be it enacted that the Protective Tariff policy be adopted by the United States.

Be it resolved that Postmaster General Hayes was justified in resigning his position in the cabinet to accept the directorship of the movies.

JULIUS POWERS, Clerk.





BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Boys' Glee Club

First Tenor:

Thomas Rippberger
Burton Ross
Nelson Ross
Trafton Smith

Second Tenor:

Donald Metcalf
Donald Dankert
Orin Osborn
Morris Goldstein

First Bass:

Edwin MacKinnon
Donald McLandress
Thomas Appleby
Russell Norton

Second Bass:

Ralph Boughner
Edwin Meyers
Accompanist:
Sadie Doerfner

Director:

Miss Sickels





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Girls' Glee Club

First Soprano:

Albertine Schmidtke
Harriet Putnam
Esther Appleby
Margaret McClosky
Violet Schwinck
Helen Blaisdell
Mildred Stock

Second Soprano:

Sara Pritchard
Janice Walker
Mildred Koerber
Muriel McFarland
Mary Hammond
Viola Schury
Lois Orr

First Alto:

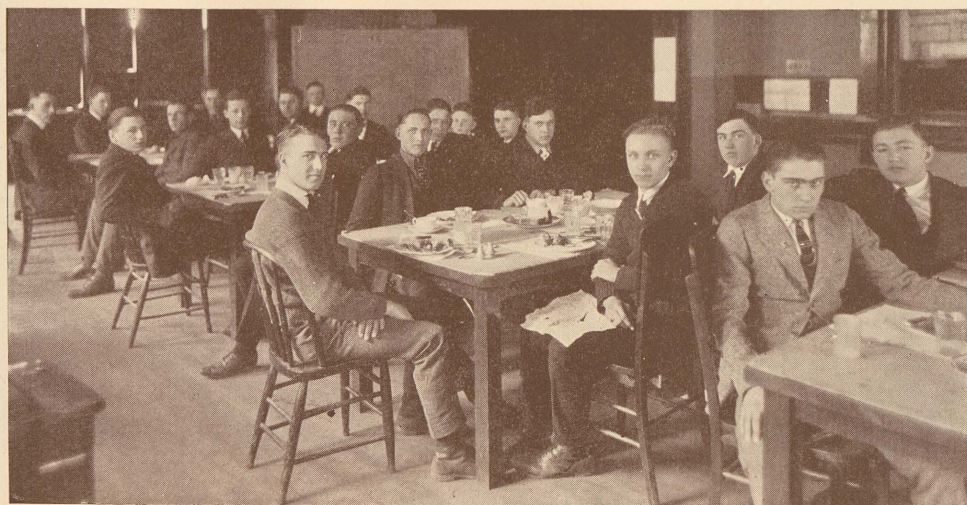
Neal King
Martha Smith
Marian Fisher
Harriett Griggs
Virginia Glaize
Anna Drensky

Second Alto:

Sadie Doerfner
Elizabeth Simpson
Thelma Joyce
Winifred Spencer

Accompanist:
Olga Raupp

Director:
Miss Sickles



THE HI Y CLUB

The Hi Y Club

The Hi Y Club organized early in the school year and elected Raymond Hart, President; Wallace Ardussi, Vice President; George Alderton, Treasurer, and Arduino Ardussi, Secretary.

About a month later its first bi-weekly dinner, served by the Domestic Science Department, started.

Some time before the Michigan State Older Boys' Conference took place, Mr. Humes, the general manager of the convention, issued a challenge to us in which he stated that the Saginaw Hi Y Club had subscribed twenty-five dollars toward the financing of the conference, and asked us what we would do. By a unanimous vote it was decided to subscribe fifty dollars to the fund. Besides furnishing funds for the conference, eleven of our members were on committees.

The club is divided into teams of four men each. Each meeting is in charge of one of these teams. They arrange the program, provide the speaker, and the captain of the team in charge conducts the meeting. The team always arranges to have some well known speaker at each meeting so that they never lack novelty.

We owe our hearty thanks to the girls who, under the capable supervision of Miss Wells and Miss Thomas, have cooked and served us such excellent meals at each meeting. In fact, our speakers tell us that our dinners are just as good and are served just as well as those

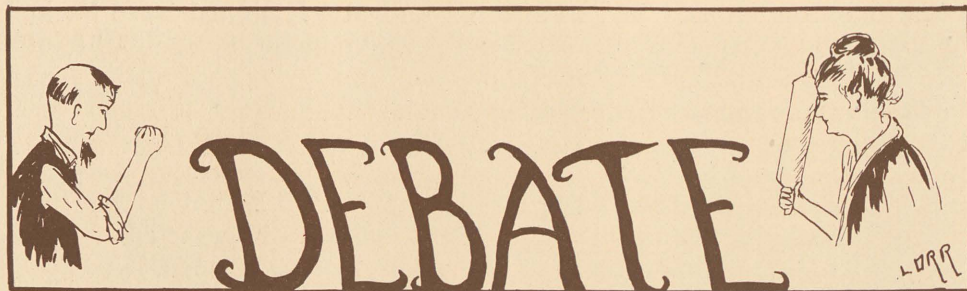
of the business clubs. Mr. Boardman and Mr. Haggard have backed the club ever since it started, not only by being present, but also by offering constructive suggestions.

The membership of the club is as follows:

George Alderton
Arduino Ardussi
Wallace Ardussi
Donald Boardman
John Cronk
Jerry Chambers
Clifford Currott
Albert Dersch
Russell Frost
Reginald French
John Ferguson
Charles Grube
Raymond Hart
Charles Johnson
George Kaiser
Robert Lynn
James Lutzke

Edwin Myers
Ralph Mannion
Tracy Maynard
Edward McKinnon
Hewett McDonogh
Donald Metcalf
Walter Richter
Russell Spaulding
Carl Simley
John Steele
Stanley Seagen
Gilbert Smith
Russell Whyte
Ben Wells
Rollin Waite
William Wagenals
Franklin Winchall





Debating

Several people have made the remark that Arthur Hill has been giving too much attention to the athletics and not enough to literary work. But this year, much to the credit of the school, this aspect has been changed and we have the interests just about evenly divided between the physical and mental development of the students. This change is partly due to the merits of the debating teams and their coaches, Miss Lillian B. Smith and our principal, Mr. Haggard.

The affirmative team, composed of Ben Wells, George Alderton, and Everett Winslow, won its first debate. The debate took place with Bad Axe, December 12, at the Annex. Both teams showed excellent preparation, but our team received a unanimous decision.

The second debate was between our negative team and Flint's affirmative, and was held at Flint on January 13. Our team was composed of Lawrence Raymond, Ellen Ryan and Albertine Schmidtke. The decision was two to one, which indicated a very close contest.

On January 17, our affirmative team went to Bad Axe for a return debate. Bad Axe misunderstood the debating regulations and prepared to debate our negative instead of the affirmative. The result was a forfeit to Arthur Hill, which, in actual points, is equal to a unanimous decision.

The return debate with Flint took place February 11, at the Annex. Flint showed some improvement since the first debate but our team showed more and we were honored with another unanimous decision.

Our affirmative team was to have a debate with Tawas at Tawas City on February 24, but for reasons unknown to us, the Tawas people forfeited to us. This was as good as another unanimous decision.

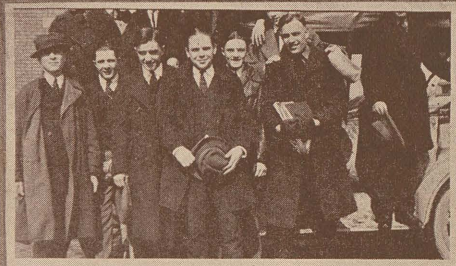
By this time Arthur Hill had seventeen out of the possible twenty points and we were one of the thirty-two high schools that were entered in the State Elimination Contest; however, there were only nineteen out of the 135 debating teams that had made seventeen or more points. The first series of the elimination debates were held March 24, and our negative team went to Alma. The debaters who represented Arthur Hill in this debate were Ben Wells, Lawrence Raymond and Albertine Schmidtke. As you can well expect, it was the best debate of the year. The sparks surely did fly back and forth there. It took ten minutes after the debate was over before one judge could make up his mind which team had won. When the ballots were finally opened, we learned that the decision was two to one in favor of Alma. The fact that this debate was lost should by no means be considered as a disgrace, because this is the first time that Arthur Hill has ever gone so far in debating as to even enter the elimination contest.

The question in all the debates was, "Resolved, that the principle of the closed shop in American industry should receive the support of public opinion."

ALBERTINE SCHMIDTKE, '22.



DEBATING TEAM



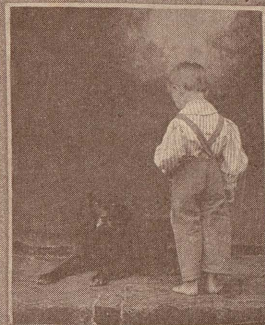
"Heads Up"



Real Stuff



Sue



Bobby



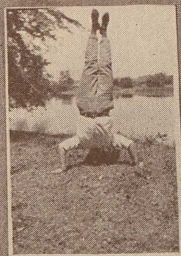
Me By Myself



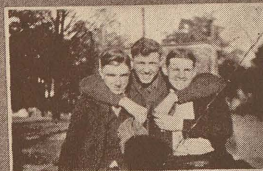
Myrtle



Dorothy



How He Sleeps



Helen



How We Get 'Em

The Legenda is a wondrous thing
as every Freshie knows,
But most wonderful of all its lore,
are the jokes that come and
go.
The joke ed's a deceitful chap
with eyes of tricky hue,
To hear him rave and cuss the
stars and emphasize his
thought,
His jokes would be much better
if the censor could be bought.
But Mr. Haggard, he's right on
the job, eraser in each hand
And his favorite poems from the
Police Gazette in the paper
basket land.
But the ole joke ed, despite his
wail, has a job that's soft
and easy,
He cops his stuff from Life and
Judge in a way that's simply
breezy.
Each evening in the Morris chair
he cons the fragrant joke
From weekly periodicals of the
days of James K. Polk.
Another trick most widely used
is the verse that's miscalled
free,
With this an ordinary line that
ne'er a joke could be
Becomes a wheeze that shakes
the knees in mirth's great
melody,
Because our swain of mirthful
vein had split one line in
three,
So when your friends from far
and near repeat that well
known strain:
"Your name within the Jokes I
saw in quite a funny vein,"
Just shove the Johnny to the wall

and let him have it straight,
That same old joke appeared in
Life in Eighteen Forty-Eight.

R. Bingham—"I have a new
position with the railroad com-
pany."

R. George — "That's fine.
What are your duties?"

R. Bingham—"You know the
man that goes along the side of
the train and taps the axles to see
if everything is all right? Well,
I help him listen."

Some Tale

Sarah P.—"Gee, that dog has
a long tail. It must be about three
feet."

Sadie D.—"Yes, that's his back
yard."

Miss Boyle (teaching "Para-
dise Lost")—"How did Satan suc-
ceed in getting through the Gates
of Hell?"

M. Perkins—"Oh, he handed
the demons, who guarded them,
a line."

Miss B.—"Will you please
translate that?"

The Four "W's"

What makes Eddie Wilde?

Why does Roland Waite?

Why does Joe Needham?

What makes Jerome Hard?

When is Joe Friske?

What does Flossie Pierce?

Why is always Dorothy Willing?

Why will Marietta Boody?

What Makes Russell Whyte?

Why is Kenneth Shurr?

Why is Ben Well?
Why is Kendriek Failing?
Who gave Jake Gass?
What makes Dorothy Brown?
Who will Mary V. Hart?
What makes Thelma Stern?
Why is Harold Daring?
What makes Dona Boyle?
When was Loretta Major?
Why did William Stryker?
What did Harold Steel?
When was George Kaiser?
When is Arthur Needles?

—Irma McLellan.

Judge—"And why haven't you a horn on your automobile?"

Italian — "Please, Mister Joodga, I don't needs da horn. It says on da front, 'Dodge Brothers'."

Trying to secure a seat at the Junior Play:

Cop—"It's fine to have a pull, isn't it?"

Ray—"You bet! Do you remember the time when you pulled me?"

Magistrate — "What is the charge?"

Policeman — "Intoxication, your honor."

Magistrate (to prisoner) — "What's your name?"

Prisoner—"Gunn, sir."

Magistrate—"Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time, but you mustn't get loaded again."

Can You Imagine?

How girls can fall for Wallie

Reid after they've seen "Monk" Mallock.

The Boys' Glee Club without Don McLandress.

Louie Coash having a **girl**? It's true—ask Sara.

Why all the girls take Current History? (Ask Jane and Helen.)

Why there aren't five holidays a week?

Why you can't take home all "B's."

Who does all the humming in Fifth Hour American History class.

"Nothing else will do," sighed the half crazed lover, as he swung himself from the rope into the Saginaw river.

That's what I call killing two birds with one stone," said the jewelry clerk, as the young couple fainted when he told them the price of the stone.

"This is what I call coming out ahead," said Sam as the owner of the hotel kicked him out—head first.

Roy Paul (entering Thompson's late one night)—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Sure, sit down."

Heard at Pt. Huron

First Spectator—"I wonder how those players will get the mud off their uniforms?"

Second Spectator—"Oh, that's what the scrub team is for."

The Helping Hand

Cooking Teacher—"I suppose all you girls know how to wash dishes."

M. Kanzler—"I don't."

Teacher—"Why not?"

M. Kanzler—"Well, you see, we've always kept a dog."

Swede Wit

Judge—What is your name?

Swede—Carl Lillisternia.

Judge—Married?

Swede—Yes, I bane married.

Judge—Whom did you marry?

Swede—Oh, I marry a woman.

Judge—Well, fool; did you ever know anyone who didn't marry a woman?

Swede—Yes, my sister; she married a man.

Rastus—"Say, boy, dat gal of mine sho' do love some!"

Sam—"Ah'll say she does!"

Rastus—"Whas 'at you say, man?"

Sam—"A-a-a-ah means, does she?"

Famous Lines from Famous Authors

"With a scream of fear, he turned and began scratching his back on the door post. They were after him again." Petrarch.

Ambulance!

Miss Boyle—"Alfred, why haven't you your lesson?"

A. Navarro—"I had a bad fall last night, I was unconscious for six hours."

Miss B.—"All well and good, but how did you fall?"

A. N.—"I fell asleep."

So Do We

Joe Friske—"Where are you going all dressed up like that?"

Jim Pearson—"To a dog fight."

Friske—"Well, I hope you win."

Lady—"What are you crying for, my little man?"

Freshie—"Dunno, lady, what ya got?"

Martin Tanner—"What's 'smatter?"

J. Powers (during English test)—"Par-a-dise Lost!"

M. T.—"Get another pair."

Science

Scheib—"That Jumbo Hawkins is an inventive genius."

Grube—"How's that?"

Scheib—"He had the rear axle of his Ford magnetized so he could pick up the parts as they fell off."

After that nerve-racking Thanksgiving day football game, one of our freshmen said his prayers that night thus:

"God bless Mother.

God bless Father.

Arthur Hill High School,

Rah, rah, rah!"

An Off-Day

Diogenes, searching Arthur Hill for an honest man, was asked

by a friend what luck he was having.

"Pretty good," he said, "I still have my lantern."

No Treat to Him

Mrs. Santa Claus (upon her husband's return)—"Were the styles the girls are wearing as bad as reported?"

Santa Claus—"I'm no judge. I've been used to seeing stockings all my life."

Curly Knows

Bu M.—"I've got a date. I wonder if I ought to shave first?"

Curly N.—"Know her very well?"

Bu—"Yes, very well."

Curly—"Better shave."

Nan B.—"I saw a negro funeral today, and behind Gugle's hearse walked a number of mourners with pails."

Heinie T.—"Why the pails?"

Nan—"Going blackburying."

Kid Yanachalk—"I hit a guy in the nose yesterday and you should have seen him run."

Grube—"That so?"

Yanachalk—"Yeh; but he didn't catch me."

Esther A. (playfully)—"Let me chew your gum."

R. Bingham (more playfully)—"Which one, upper or lower?"

Chuck M.—"Do you play on the piano?"

Edna A.—"Had to give it up. Fell off too many times."

Over at the Annex

Mr. Haggard (to toddling couple)—"Leave the floor."

Couple—"Certainly, we can't use it at home."

Ken S.—"Why do you feed your dog axle-grease?"

Nan B.—"Because it helps his waggin'!"

Nervy Gent—"I adore you. Will you not be my wife?"

Miss Rockerlip—"The idea of you proposing to a girl of my class! You should know better."

Nervy Gent—"I do know better, but they haven't half your money."

Dumb Bells

Doris J.—"Don't take this personally, Tootie, but who is the dumbest person in the world?"

Tootie K.—"Well, except for present company, the goof who thinks that a mailman, when he gets a half holiday, puts up a lunch and takes a long walk."

So 'Tis! So 'Tis!

B. Ross—"What is a boob?"

R. Gugel—"A boob is a man who kisses a girl fifteen minutes after he meets her, and then allows her to persuade him that she has never been kissed before."

Confession

Roswell B.—"Hey, Eddie, what's the idea of watching the hall steps all day?"

Eddie W.—"Oh, merely a matter of form."

Fire at Will

Lawyer Brown—"Have ah made my point, yer honor?"

Judge White—"You have, nig-gah; shoot again."

Dorothy W.—"My hair is a wreck."

F. Spencer—"No wonder. You left the switches open."

Ask Scheib—He Knows

Farmer—"Yes, I can give you a job. You may gather the eggs for me, if you are sure you won't steal any."

Dirty S.—"You could trust me with anything, boss. I was manager of a bathhouse for fifteen years an' never took a bath."

A Dead One

Dorothy B.—"So they had the funeral a second time?"

R. Gugle—"Yes; rehearsed again."

Results of Higher Education

Student—"Drive the cow this way."

Boarding House Keeper—"Is that the way for a college man to ask for the milk?"

Student (penitently)—"Drive the cow down this way, please."

Terrible

Bank Teller—"I've left my combination at home."

New Steno—"Heavens! I'd think you'd be frozen without it."

Two Dollars, Please!

Edwin V.—"Doctor, what'll I take to cure my kleptomania?"

Doctor (after deep thought)—"Don't take anything, and you'll be cured."

A Sleeper

Employer—"All we have for you is a job as night watchman. How soon can you commence to work at it?"

Dick Gugel—"Just as soon as I can go home and get my pajamas."

Freshie Wit

A senior in school employed the wrong spirit one afternoon. She stared with disgust at one of the Freshies standing in the hall, and then she said, "Haven't you a pocket handkerchief?"

The Freshie snuffled and answered, "Yes'm, but I ain't allowed to lend it."

Next!

One bright morning Curley Norton called for "Bu" Malloch and saw him shaving on the back porch.

"Do you always shave outside?" asked Curley.

"Of course," was the reply, "did you think I was fur lined?"

Judge Clements—"What were you doing chasing those bathing girls down at the beach?"

"Bike" Weil—"I was enjoying the privileges granted me by the Constitution—life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness."

"It's a new one on me," said the family davenport as Loretta led in her new date.

Frances Lauer — "Don't you think she has a rare complexion?"

M. Lincoln—"Rather well done I'd call it."

R. Mannion—"Aren't you losing flesh lately?"

E. Meyers—"Yes, I bought a safety razor."

Gritty

E. Wilde—"We're going to hit eighty in a minute. Are you afraid?"

J. Smith (swallowing much dust)—"No, indeed, I'm full of grit."

A "Put-Up" Job

"You had to hold me up to do it," said the sweet young thing after the big, tall man had stolen a kiss.

"Mt"

Miss Dillon—"Can you use the word 'element' in a sentence?"

Freshie—"I heard a Chinaman talking and I didn't know what the 'el he meant'."

Roll 'em

S. Stengel—"Why do you call the cloth that your suit is made of 'dice cloth'?"

L. Wilkinson: "Because it fades on me."

None to Spare

Judge (the morning after): "Young man, when you turned the corner before the smash up, why didn't you put out your arm?"

C. Murray: "What do you take me for, an octopus?"

Ham and—

A youth was brought into court charged with beating his father.

"What reason have you to offer this court why judgment should not be pronounced?" thundered the judge.

"None, your honor," replied the prisoner, "except that he was my meal ticket and I was only punching it."

To the Victor Belongs the Spoils

C. Reavey: "So she didn't accept you when you proposed?"

E. Wilde: "Sure she did."

C. Reavey: "But you said she threw you down."

E. Wilde: "She did, and held me there until I gave her the ring."

We Know Him

D. Wiltse: "Do you know Raymond Scheib?"

P. Hansen: "I think I do, he's about as tall as a lamp post, isn't he?"

D. Wiltse: "Yes, only not so bright."

M. Kanzler: "Is Morris Stewart a ladies man?"

D. Jost: "Yes, he's a regular nec-romancer."

Conductor: "Change for Marietta! Change for Marietta!"

Hick Passenger: "Don't know who the girl is, but I'll chip in a dime."

First Cannibal: "I understand you nearly choked to death at dinner last night."

Second Same: "Yep, had a high school boy for the main course, and the chef forgot to take the herringbone suit off him."

Noble Line

Her Father: "My daughter, sir, sprang from a line of peers."

The Lover: "Well, I jumped off a dock once myself."

City Water

Spiek: "I hear he drinks something awful."

Bunny: "Yeah, I tasted it."

Mother: "How did you know he was following you?"

J. Williams: "Because he kept looking around to see if I was coming."

Ark-aic

Hezekiah: "The old man ought to hurl those hyenas overboard."

Amos: "How's come?"

Hezekiah: "They're the laughing stock of the Ark."

Seems Natural

"Carney" P.: "I see its the custom among some of the wild tribes of Borneo to slit the tongues of all female children."

O. Raupp: "My goodness, how do they talk?"

"Carney": "They can't talk. That makes 'em wild."

Howja Get That Stuff?

C. Watkins: "Are you familiar with the 'Two Gentlemen from Verona'?"

J. Rutledge (indignantly): "I want you to know that I'm not familiar with any gentlemen—least of all those Italian guys."

Pea Poolers

R. Brandt: "I made \$5.00 playing pool in Roeser's the other day."

R. Haines: "Sort of 'Pocket Money' eh?"

Father: "My son is reckless, careless, and indifferent of consequences."

Friend: "Good heavens! I didn't know you had made a taxi driver out of him."

D. Thomas: "Everybody loves my girl."

A. Struthers: "I don't want that kind of a girl."

H. Putnam: "It takes my breath away to go down in a fast elevator."

Edith R.: "I get the same effect by using Life Savers."

Fast Worker

Grace C.: "Alvin kissed me last night."

Mary H.: "And I suppose you sat on him for it?"

Grace C.: "Certainly I did, but just because I sat on his lap it didn't give him any license to kiss me."

Recitations

I like to watch my friends recite when they have studied half the night, and haven't had a thing to eat, and have to stand upon their feet. They look at teacher with an eye that shows they only hope to die, and plainly say, "I do not choose to entertain, to instruct, or amuse. And the teacher's heart-beats sink; she knows this scholar's on the blink, her recitation is a shame so shed a tear for that poor dame. She calls upon the class-room wit, who rises up to make a hit with cracks that are just terrible, and with humor from the Jeffers-Strand that really is unbearable. No one could laugh if he should try; we all would like to clout that guy. There in the back row is a freak who waves his mit and wants to speak. He wants to spill some chatter rare, so snaps his lunch-hooks in the air, and adding strength to this uproar, he stamps his feet upon the floor—we never can forgive this pill who cannot keep his voice-box still. There is a girl far down the row, who'll tell you what you want to know, wherever choicest scandal is she goes right there and plants her phiz, and then next morn drags into class to let the rarest gossip pass. You think her line will never stop; we all would like to ditch this wop.

Now cast your lamps upon the bum, who wraps his mug around

some gum, and while the class is in debate, he comes there just to ruminate. He surely is a mental dud, who comes to school to chew a cud. Just pipe the wren with vacant bean, and sheerest waist of crepe de chine, whose coiffure is a fearful task, and socks show more than one could ask. She is a boob who thinks that we're a suburb of Gay Paree. She does not know in school one looks to garner knowledge out of books. Of common sense, she has no crumb, her skull is but a vacuum. And last, just gaze upon the lad who is an Arrow collar ad. You know his hair is either oiled, asphalted, greased, or plain hard-boiled. His form is in a garment cased that grabs him snugly round the waist. The pants-leg crease of the poor John is one to sharpen pencils on. His dress is free from baser taint, so flannel shirts would make him faint. Oh, yes, some funny beings pass when 'ere I chance to go to class!

Lovely Girl

Mother: "Listen, Abe, you don't want to marry that girl. Why, everybody in town kisses her."

Abe: "Vell, the town ain't so beeg."

The Bachelor's Song

The boys have many faults,
The girls have only two,
Everything they say
And everything they do.

A-A-Ah!

It was a leg of rare beauty and impressed me with its symmetry of curve and artistic proportions. It seemed as if all the sculptors of ancient Greece had united their art in this masterpiece, with its magnificent, gradual tapering limbs. The spell which its aesthetic beauty cast over me was rudely broken by the jarring notes of a masculine voice near me:

"All right, you birds, grab the other leg of this piano and we'll get it out of here in a jiffy."

Approaching Danger

First Roach (on a Nabisco box): "What in heck is your hurry?"

Second Roach: "Don't you see that sign, 'Tear along this edge'?"

Mickey: "Say, Vi, were you over at the 'Annex' the other night when the lights went out?"

Vi. S.: "Yeh, what did you do, light out?"

Mickey: "No, I stayed around and made connections."

Pharoah: "I need money! Somebody must cough up!"

Ameroth: "Alas, sire! The coffers are all empty."

Heard in Physics Class

Mr. Boardman—"When two bodies come together with some force is heat generated?"

Kid Yanachalk—"Not always. I hit Battling Goodrow one day, and he knocked me cold."

As the tooth paste said to the tooth brush, "Pinch me, kid, and I'll meet you outside the tube."

R. Hart: "Yes, I'm out for track."

Pretty Baby: "Well, if you stick around with me much I'll increase your speed."

Art Griggs: "Some women are like spaghetti."

Gib Smith: "How's that?"

Art G.: "You think you've got 'em, but they slip away."

Meaty Joke

Said Carrie Dishes, waitress, to "Callous" Friskie, "Just because you're built like a ham, it's no sign your swift."

V. Way: "Wait a minute until I buy a package of 'Elective'."

A. Schmidtke: "Package of 'Elective'? What do you mean?"

V. Way: "Gum. You don't have to take it unless you chews."

"Say, dot mattress vot you sold me is full of bet bugs."

"Vel, vot you want for two bucks, canary birds?"

On a mule we find two legs behind;

We find two legs before,
We swat him behind before we find

That the two behind be fore.

"I think I'll drop in on the boys," said the miner as he fell down the shaft.

The Beast!

"You ask me why I'm mad at Ken?"

I guess you haven't heard—
He promised not to kiss me, and
The poor boob kept his word."

Chose Shave

Miss Smith: "I have often wondered why you do not take up dramatics; you act well."

Footballer: "I came near being an actor once."

Miss Smith: "How's that?"

Footballer: "I had my leg in a cast."

Rock Me To Sleep

Bike W.: "I want to get you the finest engagement ring in the world. What kind of stone would you like?"

Helen S.: "One like David in the Bible used."

Bike: "Meaning?"

Helen: "The kind that'll knock 'em dead."

At Valley Forge

A Struthers: "Shoo those flies."

Gunny T.: "What do you think I am, a blacksmith?"

No Charity Institution

H. Snyder: "Do you believe in free love?"

Bobbie R.: "I'd rather go to the movies first."

Grace C.: "What's your dog's name?"

Mary H.: "Ginger."

Grace C.: "Does Ginger bite?"

Mary H.: "No, Ginger snaps."

Terrible Slaughter at Merrill Field!

Lowhungs Humble Neverbaths
In Tilt, 110-34.

Yesterday afternoon, Merrill Field witnessed one of the most terrible battles of the season when Arthur Hill's two star teams of coach hounds met in one of the most exciting sucker eating contests of the year.

Captain Fredericks of the Lowhungs had the highest average of the day, with no less than 14 chocolate all-day suckers, which most experts agree present the greatest difficulty to the intediod mechanism of the eater, in less than twelve minutes. Captain Fredericks really had fifteen to his credit, but he swallowed one stick and all, which disqualified the round. In addition to this, he had fourteen lemon, and one gooseberry.

Captain Alderton of the Neverbaths came next with 12 chocolate, 18 loganberry, and 4 peppermint.

Captain Fredericks opened the contest with a rush, destroying the first box of suckers, paper and all, in his haste. Captain Alderton's side followed. Captain Fredericks accidentally bit Mr. Haggard as the first round was handed him, but such accidents are looked upon by all true lovers of the sport, as pure nothings.

Pound of Franks

V. Zorn (entering book store)
—"Have you 'Lamb's Tales'?"

Si. Perkins—"This is a book store, not a meat market."

Laura, queen of the cannibals,
had just finished the last
juicy morsel of a poet.

"Your Royal Highness, what
epitaph shall we place over his
bones?"

The Queen pondered deeply
for a moment; then a roguish
smile played around the corners
of her mouth.

"Why not simply say 'Here
lies the poet laureate'?"

Thompsons

Miss Van Ness—"What do we
mean when we say the whole is
greater than any of its parts?"

Handsome Harry—"A restaur-
ant doughnut."

"I'm quite a man of the
whirled," said the he-flapper
proudly, as the belle of the ball
taught him how to pivot.

Proof

J. Turner—"Do you believe in
heredity?"

E. Walker—"Certainly, I do.
Kid Yanachalk, the prizefighter,
has a new baby, and it has black
eyes."

The Consideration

Gunboat T.—"Would you mar-
ry a girl on ten dollars a week?"

Geo. K.—"Yes, if she had a
steady job."

Friskie—"You know I had my
nose broken in three places last
summer?"

Pearson—"But why do you al-
ways persist in going to such
places?"

Heard during Senior Play prac-
tice:

Miss Smith—"Have you had
any experience in acting?"

Don McL.—"Oh, yes, I have
played the part of the nut in Ben
Bolt."

Editor—"Ever do anything in
the literary line?"

Applicant—"Oh, yes; I used to
be a second story man."

H. Mertz (proudly) — "You'll
always find some of the big bugs
at our hotel."

Spiek—"I know it. I slept
there one night."

E. Appelby—"I'm studying
'The Sofa,' by Cooper, won't you
come over and help me?"

R. Bingham—"Sure, we ought
to get together on that."

"Da noive of dat guy," com-
plained Jimmy, the demon office
boy, "Offerin' me six dollars a
week. Wha's he think I am? A
college graduate?"

Knicker.—"Did you read about
that car with the gold radiator
cap that was on display at the
New York Auto Show?"

Bocker.—"No, but I myself
once saw a car with Diamond
tires."

She—"That coach is a won-
derful conversationalist."

He—"He ought to be—he
spends the whole season improv-
ing his line."

Feet

I always like to see the guys that
have the funny feet,
In this for feet of awful size, our
dear school can't be beat.
We hear a clatter on the stairs
(some one has come upon
us)
And then the students, they all
say, "There goes Gunboat
Thomas."
Then listen to the awful clank
that sounds upon the floor,
And hear a gent in army shoes
go tramping past the door.
The boys in Oxfords and wool
socks all have their tribula-
tion;
They shuffle by all wild of eye
and itching like tarnation.
There goes a girl in man's low
shoes and we know we're in
luck
Since we know we can watch her
antics queer with feet just
like a duck.
And when we see the mob all
from the hallway disappear-
ing,
We know they hear the feet of
dear teachers that they're
fearing.
We pipe the girls who jam their
feet in shoes six times too
small
And wonder if they think that
that will make the fellows
fall.
Small feet, means aristocracy,
and breeding, too, perhaps,
But this tight squeeze and girls
like these spread pain across
our maps.
But then we cannot criticise, the
fellows are as bad,
We hate to view a pointed shoe
upon a high school lad.
Last winter it was terrible—the
clanks and clinks and

sloshes,
Instead of something wearable
the whole gang donned ga-
loshes.
But leather's high enough to beat
about a dozen bands,
So we think that just to save our
feet we'll walk upon our
hands.

"Love, you are the light of my
heart," said she,
As she fondly kissed him good-
night.
Then said her mama
From the top of the stairs,
"Daughter, put out the light."

All "Fagged" Out

G. Kaiser—"How do you know
that cigarettes are bad for the
wind?"

Red French—"Why, haven't
you noticed a fellow who smokes
always puffing?"

Uncle and niece stood watch-
ing the young people dancing
about them. "I bet you never
saw dancing like this back in the
nineties, eh, Unkie?"

"Once—but the place was
raided."

In the Future

Scene: McGovern and his most
excellent wife dining. In breezed
a short skirted damsel, who see-
ing no one else in sight, proceeds
to vamp Mickey.

Swelling up slightly, Mickey
remarks: "My dear, that girl
over there is smiling at me."

"That's all right," replied the
better half, "I nearly died laugh-
ing the first time I saw you."

No Trifler

She—"What do you mean by kissing me? What do you mean?"

He—"Eer, er, nothing."

She—"Then don't you dare do it again. I won't have any man kissing me unless he means business, d'ye hear?"

It's Ajar!

E. Peters—"I've got a new girl, Dad."

Father—"You have? What's her name?"

E. Peters—"I call her 'Hinges'."

Father—"How come?"

E. Peters—"She's something to adore."

Oh, Slush!

A Deibel (in music store)—
"Say, Mister, have you 'Baby Dreams'?"

Kute Klerk—"No, but I have winning ways."

Style, Boy, Style

"Here comes a plucky girl."

"How do you know?"

"Look at her eyebrows."

Helen S.—"Why, I can't marry you. You're penniless."

Hopeful "Bike"—"That's nothing, the Czar of Russia was Nicholas."

Try This on Your Piano

Of hideous noises

There is none that is worse
Than the blood curdling cry
Of a Ford in reverse.

Insubordinate Fowl

Hiking through the small French town, an ignorant chicken, unversed in the appetites of American darkies, crossed the road in front of a colored detachment. With much zeal, a soldier broke forth from the ranks and set out in pursuit.

"Halt!" Bellowed the officer in charge. Both fowl and negro only accelerated their paces.

"Halt! Halt!" repeated the officer. The dusky doughboy made one plunge, grasped the chicken by the neck, and stuffed it, still struggling, inside his shirt.

"Dere!" he panted, "Ah'll learn you to halt when de captain says halt, you disobedient bird."

Old Maid—"Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, madame, there's a switch just this side of the next station."

A sailor came home unexpectedly, threw his arm around his missus and kissed her. Without turning from her ironing she murmured, "a quart o' milk and a pint o' cream."

Eddie W.—"Esther A. fell down the other day and they thought her leg was broken."

Gib S.—"What did they do?"

E. W.—"They took her to a hospital."

G. S.—"Was her leg broke?"

E. W.—"Naw, they found a quarter and a two dollar bill in her stocking."

On The Parlor Mat

"Monk" R.—"He's some wrestler, I'll say."

"Stub" S.—"Wha's that?"

"Monk" R.—"Little Joe, he's so seldom thrown."

L. Major—"Oh, James, you're so tender tonight."

J. Pearson—"I ought to be. I've been in hot water all week at school."

Kitty, Kitty

M. Remer—"How much are Angora kittens worth?"

H. Seidel—"Two dollars purr."

"Yes," said the author, as he gnawed on the end of his pencil, "in my work I make use of anything I choose."

Dirty Scheib (coming in late at eight-thirty) — "I'm late, Miss Boyle, but I—I—I had to wash my neck and ears this morning, but I swear it won't happen again."

Helen S.—"Are you going to tutor this year?"

Thelma S.—"Yes, I simply must have a higher education."

"Here's where I cut the young dog off without a cent," chuckled Brier Rabbit, as he jumped across a stream.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the spring '86."

Marie K.—"He reminds me of the sea."

Mildred K.—"Howzat?"

Marie K.—"He looks green—but sometimes he is awfully rough."

C. M.—"Look out! That's the fourth bunch of cigars you've smashed for me."

E. A.—"Why don't you smoke a stronger brand?"

Mickey Mc.—"What did your father say when you told him that my love for you was like a gushing brook?"

Vi.—"He said, 'Dam it'."

"All right there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," came a feminine voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on."

The entire car full turned and craned their necks expectantly. A girl with a basket of laundry got on.

Quite a Difference

"Fair maid, may I come out to call?"

"I'm sure, sir, I don't getcha."

"Well, may I take you to the ball?"

"Ah, now I hear! You betcha."

Just Right

Flossie and Ellen arrived in the second half.

Flossie P.—"Score is still nothing to nothing."

Ellen R.—"Goody—we haven't missed a thing."

Sh!

Elva K.—“Say, Irma, why have you those loud stockings on?”

Irma MacL.—“To keep my feet from going to sleep.”

Finn-icky

I. MacLellan—“Who is that?”

D. Hollies—“That’s our Pole vaulter.”

I. MacL.—“Oh, does he speak English?”

A Dice—“Well, I guess I’ll kiss you goodbye until tomorrow.”

Mary H.—“No, Bugs, I couldn’t hold my breath that long, and besides, I must go inside in ten minutes.”

“It’s funny that trap drummer Burrows never has a girl?”

“Yes, he’s beating everyone’s time.”

A Life of Ups and Downs

H. Moore—“My brother takes up Spanish, French, Italian, Hebrew, German, and Scotch.”

M. Metzler—“Goodness, where does he study?”

H. M.—“Study? He don’t study. He runs an elevator.”

“You’ll have to hand it to him!” remarked the football fan as the left end dropped a forward pass.

Marion T.—“Do sit down, Curly. There’s a limit even to respect.”

Curly N.—“It isn’t respect, Marion. It’s a boil.”

Can You Beat It?

Bike W.—“Been in a scrap?”

Chuck M.—“No—tried to be poetic. I read that the eyes are the windows of the soul so I asked Edna if I could gaze into her windows some night.”

Isabel Maynard’s Philosophy

When a girl is reading a novel and begins to wet her lips, the hero and heroine are about to meet.

Ham And—

Mr. Stryker (entering classroom)—“Order, please.”

H. Snyder (meekly)—“Egg sandwich.”

Height of Optimism

Changing your socks from one foot to the other so that the toes will not fit the holes.

P. S.—(Ask Joke Ed. for Height of Impertinence and others.)

Referee—“Foul.”

M. Hoff (the first rooter)—“Where’s the feathers?”

I. Jones (the second rooter)—“Sh! That’s a picked team.”

Tragedy

She laid the still, white form beside those that had gone before. No groan, no sign from her. Suddenly she let forth a cry that pierced the still air, making it vibrate into a thousand echoes. It seemed as if it came from her very soul. Twice the cry was repeated, and then all was quiet again. She would lay another egg tomorrow.

Passerby to Joe S. standing outside the Annex:

"What's the argument in there?"

Joe—"That's just the Glee Club practicing."

"Curly"—"If I stole a kiss wouldit be petty larceny?"

"Kid" Theobald — "No, it would be grand."

"Raining pitch forks," is bad enough, but when it comes to "Hailing Street Cars," it's pretty rough weather.

Absolutely

Lois H.—"What was Eve made for?"

Eleanor J.—"Adams Express Co."

No Mistake

Tired Worker—"Boss, is you got a nigger on your book name Simpson?"

Boss — "Yeah. What about it?"

T. W.—"Wal, I'se dat nigger, boss—I jest thought you had it down Sampson."

Penny Ante

Pinkey L. attended church the other Sunday and during an eloquent sermon he fell asleep. The pastor finished up, "we will now pray; Brother Lilliesternia will now lead."

Pinkey unfortunately woke up on the "Brother Lilliesternia will now lead," and remarked, "It's George's lead; I dealt."

Full of Worms

Bill D.—"Do we have to supply all the worms for laboratory?"

Miss Jennings—"No, I have one hundred of them."

Bill—"You have?"

Miss J.—"Yes."

Bill—"You'd better see a doctor."

Heave Ho!

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said his seasick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

J. Pearson—"Darling, I kissed the very stamps on your letters, because I knew they had been touched by your sweet lips."

Loretta—"Oh! Jim, I moistened them on dear old Fido's nose."

Adoration

When Micky told Vi of his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It showed for several weeks.

Comrades in Arms

Ken. S.—"Do you make a reduction to people in the same line of business?"

John Schuck—"Yes, are you a restauranteer?"

Kennie—"No, I'm a thief by profession."

Modern Tramps

Tramp—"If you please, ma'am, would yer kindly give a drink o' water. I'm so hungry I don't know where to stay th' night."

Compensation

The Devil sends the blessed winds
That blow the skirts knee-high,
But God is just and sends the dust
To blind the wicked eye.

Handsome Harry—"I think girls are like jitneys."

Helen M.—"Like jitneys, how?"

H. H.—"Why, they're not worth running after—another is sure to be along in a minute."

How Nice

Harold Dall (taking Helen Carr to the show)—"I dreamed I proposed to the prettiest girl last night."

Helen—"And what did I say?"

Just So

E. Duclos—"Where do jailbirds come from?"

E. Ewing—"They come from larks, bats, and swallows."

Man the Lifeboats!

L. Grobe—"Why do girls wear hair nets?"

A. Giles—"To keep the rats from drawing in the Marcell waves."

Ouch!

Having just slapped Toots on the vertebrae, Wall said, "Watcha got on your back that's so hard?"

Tootie—"That's my shoulder blade, smarty, did you cut your hand?"

Breaking the News

Earl Peters—"Say, Dad, remember that story you told me about when you were expelled from High School?"

Dad—"Yes."

Earl—"Well, I was just thinking, Dad, how true it is that history repeats itself."

"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud flat of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queek! Bringa da shov! Bringa da peek! Giovanni's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hees knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No, no; he canna walk. He wronga end up."

Scheib—"Will you call for help if I attempt to kiss you?"

Nan—"Yes, if necessary, but I don't see why a big strong man like you should need any help."

An old lady while standing on the corner saw an A. H. freshie vigorously chewing, so she asked, "You don't chew, do you, little boy?"

Freshie—"No, mum, but I can give yer a cigarette if you want one."

Miss Kilbourne—"You take Milton's life——"

Sarah P. (nervously)—"No, ma'am! I don't want to get sent up for life."

COASH TRIAL DRAWS TO CLOSE

Great Development on Last Day of Sensational Case! Lady Jurors Weep as Accused is Freed.

The now nationally famous case of Coash vs. McLandress was brought to a dramatic ending yesterday afternoon in the Court of Appeals when Miss Genevieve Brandt, foreman of the jury, returned a verdict of "justifiable mayhem" against the accused.

The court room became a wild scene of mingled grief and joy. Men threw up their hats, women threw up their handkerchiefs, and Walter Richter, (greatly moved) threw up his job. Those who have followed this sensational case from the beginning will remember the horror of the entire nation when MacLandress, a brawny, strapping six-footer, assaulted Coash, who is small and tubercular, with an Art-Gum eraser, swearing he would wipe him off the map. One word led on to another, and soon the two men were locked in deadly embrace, their eyes gnashing, their hair foaming, and their ears flashing fire. Reynold Anschutz, an innocent by-stander, was snapped in the face with a Paris garter when he tried to stop the two, and Dr. Perkins says there is no hope—the patient will live.

Of course Coash was whipped

—what could one expect? The case went to the courts, and such famous young women as Miss A. Becker, Miss E. Christie, Miss E. Graebner, and the aforementioned Miss Brandt were chosen on the jury. After a long legal battle the case was closed today. Legenda congratulates Mr. MacLandress, who would have had to take all his exams had he lost the case. Of course, Coash says,

(Continued on Page 13.)

Nan, rushing into school: "What do you think, I got dressed in 4 minutes this morning."

R. Burrows—"I bet there was a record broken at your house this morning."

Nan—"Aw, gwan, we haven't even got a victrola."

Education

Papa—"I'll teach you to kiss my daughter, young man."

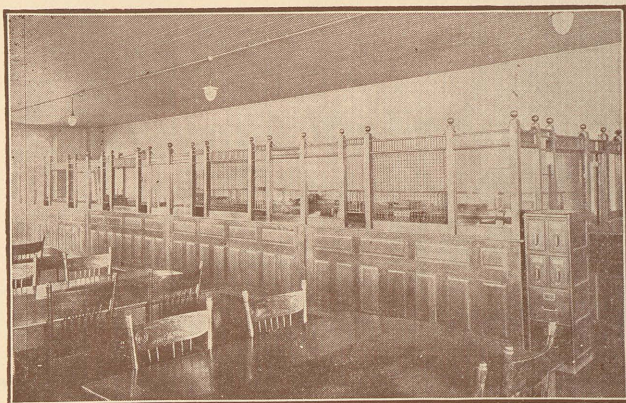
Avery D.—"Too late, sir, I've already learned."

This Is Too Much

Mr. Boardman (reading physics problem)—"The earth's equatorial radius is 20,926,000 feet—hm—hm—I thought I was reading my bank account."

Sign in Magas Cafe

"Don't kick about our coffee. You may be old and weak some day."



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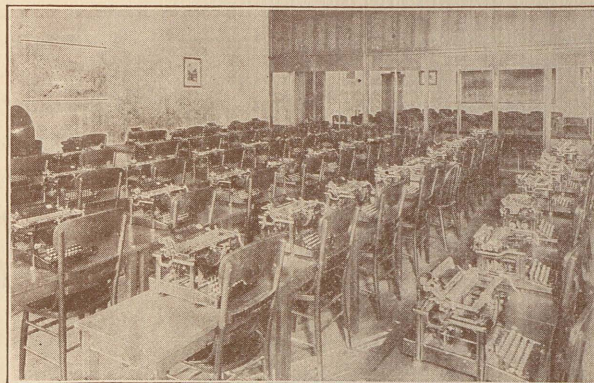
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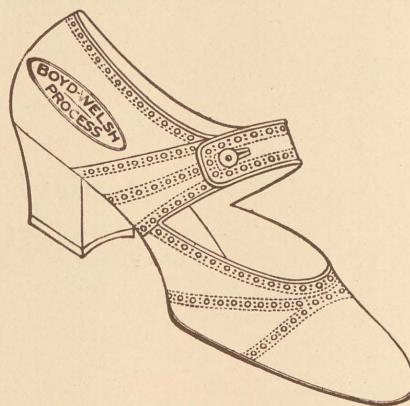
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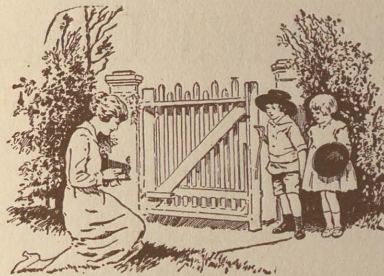
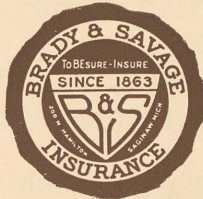
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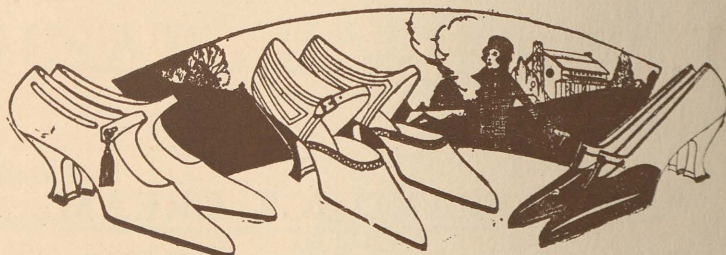
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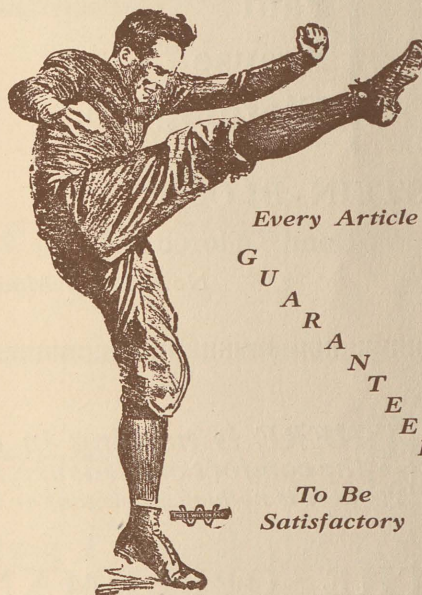
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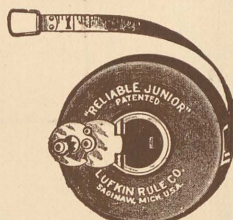
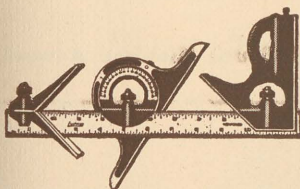
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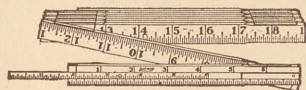
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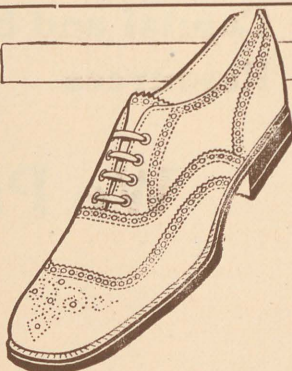
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